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ANECDOTES OF THE TURF.

'Every man has his hobby-horse.'

THERE is perhaps no infatuation greater than an infatuation for the turf; and certainly no excitement so great as that caused in some minds by speculations on it.

It is recorded of the late Charles James Fox, a man remarkable for great strength of nerve, that he would bet his hundreds, and even his thousands in the ring on Newmarket-heath with the utmost coolness, yet, upon the moment of the race being decided, he was invariably seized with a feeling of trepidation which lasted only until the result was made known, when he instantly regained his previous composure, no matter whether he happened to be fortunate or otherwise, which continued till 'they are off!' was again the cry.

The late Sir Mark Wood was a very anxious spectator of a race, particularly when he had a horse to run. How often have I heard him, at the top of the ditch, on Newmarket-heath, loudly giving vent to his feelings,

when his jockey had not taken the place laid down for him, and which most probably he, the said jockey, from a want of capacity in the animal, was unable to do. I shall never forget Sir Mark at the Ascot-heath meeting, 1832, when his favourite mare, Camarine and Chifney's Rowton, ran the dead heat for the gold cup. Sir Mark expressed himself very warmly on the manner in which Rowton hung towards Camarine, and, in the moment of excitement, ascribed considerable blame to Chifney on that score; yet upon the final heat, when Camarine was hailed the winner, he not only became 'himself again,' but acknowledged he had never seen a finer race or a more scientific display of horsemanship.

My recollection of turf affairs does not afford a stronger instance of indifference than one of that 'fine old English gentleman' and true friend to all British sports, General Grosvenor. It was, if I remember rightly, at the Craven Newmarket meeting, 1819, on the race for the Riddlesworth stakes, which were that year worth to the winner upwards of £5,000. I recollect Mr. Vansittart had a grey horse, Financier, by Treasurer, in the race, and at a hundred yards from the finish he appeared to have made victory his own; when General Grosvenor's filly, Blue Stockings, took the lead from him and won. A sporting acquaintance of mine was riding down the course immediately after the judge's decision, and heard the general's groom ask him whether he would not like to see the mare before she went home? At this moment General Grosvenor did not know that he was the winner of the richest stakes ever contested for, so easy was he as to the result.

Every year convinces us that a confederacy in racing speculations is the most likely way to turn them to a profitable account, and the partnership which existed between Messrs. Gully and Ridsdale may be quoted as an illustration of the old adage, that 'two heads are better than one.' In tracing the career of these gentlemen, from the commencement to the dissolution of their partnership, we see a glorious succession of good fortune, which is mainly to be attributed to superior management and the strictest attention to 'business.' 'Whatever is worth doing,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is worth doing well.' In Memnon's year (1825) it has been stated that these gentlemen won something like £35,000 between them; but I have been told that Mr. Gully was more fortunate with his settling than his companion. In the Colonel's and Rowton's years (1828 and 1829,) they are also said to have been good winners, and if that astonishing little horse, the Little Red Rover, had carried off the Derby in 1830, it is supposed they would have won upwards of £80,000. Unfortunately for Messrs. Gully and Ridsdale, their game little horse had to meet the mighty Priam, the best three-years-old since the time of his sire, Emilius; this only prevented the Rover's winning, as it is well known, he was on an average, good enough to win five Derbys out of six. Their grand period and most fortunate speculation, however, was on the Derby, with St. Giles, in 1832, when they were reported to have netted nearly £50,000. It was this race that caused the misunderstanding between them, respecting a division of a bet or two of Mr. Ridsdale's, which ended in a dissolution of partnership. Since the separation, one of these gentlemen has quitted the turf, and

the other's influence in the betting ring has undergone a considerable abatement.

There is not a more enterprising gentleman on the turf than John Greatrex, Esq., indeed no betting man, individually, ever turned turf speculations to a better account than he has done these last seven or eight years. I do not know whether Mr. G. is an admirer of Shakspeare (I do not mean the horse of that name,) but he evidently thinks with the great poet that,

‘There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.’

And, acting up to this principle, he won large sums (for such races) on Forth's Aaron, in 1830, when that horse carried off the prize in the great betting races at Bath, Brighton, and Goodwood. In the following year, I think, he ‘threw in’ about the heaviest winner on the ‘Spaniel’ Derby. Mr. Greatrex has not been fortunate as an owner of racehorses, although he has had chances of getting money, by having favourites in betting races; as the Trulla colt, Martha, &c., as well as every advantage in good training and riding.

Unquestionably *the* ‘character’ of Tattersall's is ‘facetious Jemmy,’ as your lively and correct reporter of the Newmarket meetings styles James Bland, Esq. The experience of this individual would afford some insight into the mystery of the chances of the favourites on the turf and the ring, (pugilistic I mean), if written. No doubt he could say with Lord Byron,

‘I do declare, upon an affidavit,
Romances *I ne'er read* like those I've seen;
Nor, if unto the world I ever gave it,
Would some believe that such a tale had been;
But such intent *I never had*, nor have it;
Some truths are better *kept behind* a screen.’

After a sporting career of upwards of thirty years, weathering many ‘untoward’ events we find this gentleman fixed in an elegant residence in Piccadilly, which was built out of part of the proceeds arising from a lucky ‘hit’ in 1825, when Lord Jersey's Middleton won the Derby. Mr. Bland can speak favourably of companionship on the turf. Like his friend Mr. Gully, he has been rather ‘down on his luck,’ (his own words) since poor Halliday's death in 1834, when these gents, ‘threw out;’—their Shillelagh not being strong enough to keep down the Plenipotentiary. Last year he was again served ‘cruelly’ on the Leger, although he did not go down. Amongst his other ‘comfortable’ bets on it, was one of a thousand on Forth's colt, against Mango, which of course he lost.

Amongst the many every-day instances of the differences between winning and *receiving* payment, perhaps the following little anecdote is as pointed as any that can be selected. In the summer of 1827, a betting man, of the Manchester division, by some means (whether by chance or otherwise is unknown to the writer), became acquainted with the result of the trial in Scott's stable, when Matilda defeated the Colonel and Velocipede; and willing to profit by such knowledge, he backed the mare to

win him a large stake on the St. Leger. A salesman in Smithfield, known only as an occasional speculator, was induced to bet the odds to some amount against Matilda with this 'Manchester man,' and lost, it was reported, above a thousand pounds. Some time after the Leger, the winner wrote to the salesman respecting payment, and received an invitation, in answer, to dine at the salesman's villa, two or three miles out of town. After the dinner and a bottle or two of wine had been discussed, the host asked his visitor to 'have a look' at his garden and grounds, which, by the bye, were remarkable for their neatness; and upon the visitor expressing his admiration, the salesman asked him whether he should not be considered a simpleton to give up so much comfort, if he could avoid it, and to part with this property? The answer being of course as the host expected, he finished by observing 'that if he paid him two or three humbugging things called 'bets,' on a stupid affair termed a horse-race, he must quit this delightful residence.' The guest departed as he went, save and except a good dinner and wine, and never received a shilling of the money.

If we glance at the leading speculators, or, as they are termed in these march of intellect days, 'book-makers,' we shall perceive, with scarcely an exception, that they commenced 'life' in a very humble way,—that their *real* knowledge of the qualities of a racehorse lies in a very small compass,—and that four-fifths of them have hardly any idea of arithmetical calculations at all; in short, take them out of their line of business, and you will find them any thing but 'knowing' ones. Of late years, say the last eight or ten, the legs of the *old school* have not had a very prosperous time of it; the 'safe game,' as it is called, being played now by not only gentlemen, but also by noblemen of the first class; and it is even whispered that more than one lady of high rank annually makes a 'book' on the Derby.

The play-or-pay races were first set on foot in Sailor's year (1820,) previous to which time, the Riddlesworth, the 2,000gs. and 1,000gs. stakes at Newmarket, the Derby and Oaks at Epsom, and the St. Leger at Doncaster, were, I believe, the only races then considered as p. p. ones. The custom now has become general, not only at the 'exchange' at Hyde-park corner, but also at the sporting houses in both town and country. I am by no means prepared to argue the question whether the present system of betting is advantageous to the welfare of the turf or not; but it cannot be denied that it has opened a door for chicanery and fraud to walk in at, as may be clearly seen by the large sums offered for Plenipotentiary and the Queen of Trumps, in their respective years; for no party could afford half the stated sums except to *prevent their winning*. As a check to evils of a similar nature, I have not the slightest doubt if the offering parties were 'shown up,' as they unquestionably deserve to be, it would put a stop to this species of fraud, and also be the means of making those ready-made-luck gents hide their 'diminished heads.'

THE ENGLISH TURF.

It has been asserted by some one, that it would require more talent to pay off the debt of England, even if the funds were ready, than to carry on the whole machinery of that vast empire and provide for its millions of debts and myriads of claimants; in my opinion it requires but a shade less talent to understand the arcana of the British turf, and steer safely and prosperously through its perils.

He that shall attend the settling day at Tattersall's after one of the great events, say the Derby or the St. Leger, if his position enables him to take a view of the whole ground, to see bets to the amount of one million of dollars arranged in one short evening, would convey to a spectator a very high idea of the business talents of a set of men not generally supposed well versed in the details of calculation; yet it is true, a few hours is sufficient to go over the items of an account involving that enormous sum above named, and without the aid of clerks. Each man comes there with his betting-book, on it he has a page for each horse in the race; his memorandums shew the various sums, with the odds annexed, this same page shews the person's name with whom the bet is made, the balance lost or won is there stated, pen, ink and paper are on the various tables for drawing the orders or making calculations when necessary, they compare their books, a moment serves to show their correctness, and the settlement follows instantaneously; no time is lost, so soon as one has finished another succeeds, and thus some hundreds are all settling at the same time; in this way an almost incredible amount is liquidated in a short time, as every man transacts his own business, and is quite *'au fait'* to it. Should any difference of opinion arise, the betting room always furnishes those well qualified to decide, and he that should refuse to abide by such decision, would soon find himself in coventry. The gentlemen of the turf who regularly attend these settling days may be divided into two great classes, one who usually back their own and their friends' horses when they fancy them always taking the odds, sometimes standing the chance of losing considerable sums, for the possibility of winning immense amounts; these sometimes win it is true, but most generally they contribute to the others who almost invariably lay the odds, and are at the trouble to make up a book in such way as to secure the chance of winning a greater or less sum without the hazard of a loss. In order to succeed in this kind of betting, it is necessary they should always be in the betting rooms at those times when business is transacted there, to avail themselves of every variation in the odds; and when this variation is great and frequent, he never fails to make a good business of it; and sometimes horses are made prominent favourites for a few days, when an unfavourable report again lower their price, this enables all those in the secret to hedge off in such way as may enable them to win without risk.

When this mode of betting has enabled him to make a book of some fifteen or twenty, he will have so arranged his bets that let any one of these horses win, the balance shall pay his loss with something left as a

profit; but if one of those win against whom he has laid but small odds, and consequently lost but a small sum, his gains are great on the balance or aggregate of his bets. But to secure himself against the chance of loss, and so far as prudence may conduce to success, the bookmaker not only has an eye to the odds as reported weekly at Tattersall's, but he keeps himself thoroughly conversant with the public running of all the entries in the capital stakes, but by every means in his power he learns the secrets of the various training stables, and is certain to have immediate notice of all trials that are made, or accidents that occur, which may effect the chances of the race, or what is to him of equal importance, the rise or fall in the odds. All the bets now made in England being play or pay, if his information about a trial enables him to anticipate the effects of its publicity on the standing of a horse, he is sure the horse will rise in the market, he immediately lays out a sum on the horse and takes the long odds; when the odds against the horse decline, he then lays the odds against the horse; thus if the horse come in the betting at twenty to one, he lays twenty to four hundred—if this same horse rises till he is at five to one, he then stakes one hundred to twenty, he must stand the chance of winning eighty or three hundred, and cannot lose one cent, and if this operation is extended to fifteen or twenty horses, it becomes a profitable speculation. In order to make sure of these good things, a number of men are employed to watch trials on all the public training grounds, whose business it is to see every gallop the horses of a certain stable take, report their condition and the event of the trials, and thus enable his employer to bet *understandingly*; if a break down occurs in a stable, this is always communicated by express if the horse is at all prominent in the betting, as then large sums may be made at no risk.

So soon as the spring training is fairly under way, all the houses in the vicinity of a large public stable find some man of leisure to occupy any spare apartment they may have to let; this man seems to have no business to occupy him, but spends his time in sauntering about the exercise grounds, and carelessly viewing the horses at their work; he draws his own conclusions as to condition, &c. and when circumstances induce him to suspect a trial about to happen, he will lie out night after night to watch the same, and such is the vigilance of these men, that no one can expect to evade their observations; this has forced most of the trainers on the moors or heaths to adopt the plan of trying their horses in the night, and by the variations in the weights carried by the horses, and which is known only to the trainer, to conceal the relative speed of their horses, and thus by deceiving the spy, make him mislead his employer; sometimes, however, a man of address gets on such footing with the grooms in the stable as to baffle every attempt of the trainer to deceive him; this necessarily involves great expense, as few men are content to be scoundrels unless paid, but as immense sums often depend on a single stable they can afford it, and do pay well for such information.

It so happens that sometimes long odds are bet against a particular nag, no chance occurs of hedging off, this horse is likely to win, when some of them must fall hard; it then remains for them only to buy the nag, or

employ a touter—should they succeed in buying, the nag is drawn, and thus the bets made safe. In 1835, the Queen of Trumps was a favourite for the St. Leger, large sums were laid against her, she was in fine condition for the race, and under the charge of Mr. Mostyn's favourite trainer. On the day but one before the race a man proposed buying the mare, and offered the immense sum of \$35,000 for her; Mr. Mostyn was willing to take the price, but at the same time stipulated the mare must run, and run to *win*, under the charge of his groom and jockey; this put an end to the trade. This is one instance where they failed to purchase, but they sometimes find others more complying, who, if they do not sell them the horse, may dispose of the race. About twelve months since, an English nobleman was supposed to have made 500 guineas by his horse being drawn in a race. But your *real betting leg* relies on the touter as his sure card when his case is desperate, for if a horse cannot be made safe by purchase, there is always a man to be found who for present payment of a round sum, and a further consideration if he succeeds, will undertake to physic him for the occasion, this man is provided with all sorts of keys that enable him to enter any stable secured in the usual manner; if he succeeds, and he witnesses on the day the effects of the drugs, he advises his employer, and if the horse is a prominent favourite for the Leger, Derby, or any other great stake, large sums are immediately laid out against him, and a few minutes sees him master of his ill-gotten thousands. In 1834, Mr. Batson's Plenipotentiary was a general favourite, he had won all his races so easy, that for the St. Leger on the day of running the odds were five to four on him against a strong field. A favourite has usually six to one against him, but the touter visited him the night previous, and he was '*no where*' in the race; Connolly, who rode him, has often declared he was obliged to gig him with the spurs to keep him on his feet before the start. This touter is only resorted to when all other means fail, the poisoning of horses is under the laws of England a high crime, punished by death or transportation, it is therefore expensive, and at the same time places a man and his confederates in the power of a villain, who sometimes bleeds them like a leech for a long time after.

These are some of the difficulties which the turfite has to encounter in his betting career, and which if he can use he must also guard against; these occur before the day of race, but even then there are many circumstances which may class him with the losers, when all his calculations have been made on a just estimate of the public running, and the correct reports of his various assistants, who have given him a true account of condition and private trials. The rules of racing in England allow one gentleman to start two or more horses in the same race; sometimes, too, several horses belonging to the same gentleman, but entered in the name of a friend, run in the same race—it is certain then these horses are run to favour one another, and by combining, may beat a superior horse, or that horse among them will prove best in the race by which most money can be made; to those who back horses, this management is sometimes fatal; but your *real book-making leg* never subjects himself to this combi-

nation of chances, or if he does, it can only result to his benefit, his tickets are all talismanic numbers, and can draw no blanks.

The talents necessary for a successful better on the English turf must not only be of a high order, but he must possess a vigilance that never sleeps, and an energy that never tires, or he becomes the dupe or the prey of his more gifted associates; this applies to those who follow racing or betting as a profession. The gentleman of fortune who has a fine stock of horses, breeds or buys and runs them as an amusement, has a private stable and trainer of his own, may sustain no loss even among the greatest adepts of Newmarket, if a cool, prudent man, because on him they can avail themselves of none of those adventitious aids which they never fail to use when horses are in a public stable and trained on a moor. A man found on private grounds at an unseasonable hour, would surely find his way to the county jail, and in due time be sent to make his observations at Botany Bay or New South Wales; and although these gentlemen trial-watchers seem to have a tact for moonlight scenery, few of them have the gusto to admire it in these new settlements: private training grounds are therefore seldom watched, and your prudent leg seldom risks much against a *dark horse*. A.

RACES AT NEW ORLEANS—MAD ANTHONY—WAGNER—GET OF
MONSIEUR TONSON, &c.

MR. EDITOR:

Batesville, Ark. May 18, 1838.

Permit me to tender my thanks for the back numbers of the eighth vol. of the Register, which have come to hand in good order and well-conditioned. The recent races in New Orleans and its vicinity, have been brilliant, and perhaps taken altogether, is the very best time on record. If they have added additional fame to Archy's best son, (Sir Charles,) they have also placed a bright feather in Leviathan's cap. Pete Whetstone, Mad Anthony and Wagner are noble animals. The former has been put to too hard service for a two year old, and it will surprise me if he ever figures successfully again. Mad Anthony has been worked hard; so of Wagner, yet they are in the hands of prudent, judicious trainers.

The race between Picton and Sarah Bladen is exciting much interest. The horse has the most favourites by odds, but the friends of Sarah Bladen here make up in nerve for the want of numbers. I think now the mare will beat him, though I once thought otherwise; I have laid out a C on her at all events. Where is Monsieur Tonson, and what of his get? It seems but yesterday that Anvil, Argyle, Ohio, Catharine Davis, and a host of others were winning for him what seemed then *imperishable* fame; alas! now the scene is changed, and it is only from the record of the past that we derive information of the fact that such a horse ever existed. *Tempora mutant, et equi mutant.*

We expect fine racing here this fall; Davy Thompson, Esq. of Van Buren, in this state, brought on some fine stock, among them Experiment and Ormond, both winners of distinction in the 'old states.' Some of the

veterans from Illinois and Missouri will be down upon us with *good lots*, and Capt. Tunstall will, in addition to Charline and Independence, have some splendid three year old Volcanoes. By-the-bye, Volcano has a great deal of Lady Clifden's blood in his veins; he is a splendid animal, and if he had a chance, would get splendid racehorses. There is in his harem, at present, a wild mare, some sixteen hands high, taken from the Camanche Indians, she has a fine head and clean nice bony limbs; I think she will breed finely.

C. F. M. Noland's ch. m. Fentine, by Gohanna, dam by Janus, has dropped a b. c. foal, by Ben Franklin, which has been christened *Chitty*.

C. F. M. Noland & T. T. Tunstall's b. m. Emetine, by Rob Roy, dam by imp. Minor's Escape, (or Horn's,) has dropped a ch. f. foal, by Volcano, which has been christened *Lobelia*.

Yours, truly,

N. OF ARKANSAS.

TOPGALLANT AND JOHN BASCOMBE.

Gallatin, Tenn. May 31, 1838.

Not long after you gave to the public my first communication, in which I asked for '*more light*' on the subject of the pedigree of Topgallant's dam, the following extract of a letter, written by Mr. John Lamar, of Macon, Ga. was received. It will be perceived how much the owners of stock, tracing to Topgallant through the famous brood mares Madame Tonson and Black Sophia, are indebted to you, sir, for this information. Black Sophia is the dam of our friend Oliver's young horse Birmingham, and she is the grandam of Sarah Bladen, and her full brothers, five of them, all by Leviathan. Madame Tonson, you know, was the dam of the '*Four Tennessee Brothers*,' all by Pacolet. And both of those famous old mares were got by Topgallant, as aforesaid. We had lost the tradition beyond the Black-and-all-Black cross in the pedigree of his dam, but fortunately it is recovered. See the extract:

Macon, March 21, 1838.

'DEAR SIR,—I have observed your communication in the '*Spirit of the Times*,' requesting information respecting Topgallant, by Old Gallatin. I know the gentleman very well who raised him—Thomas Blount, Esq. of Jones county, of this state, about fifteen miles from this city. As I have some stock tracing to the crosses, I have procured all the information you desire, which you may rest assured is true. Mr. Blount is a very highly respectable man, for many years a representative in this state legislature, and a pious member of the baptist church. He has furnished me with the following facts: 'Topgallant was by old Gallatin, (full brother to the dam of Bertrand,) his dam by old Wildair, son of imp. Fearnought, grandam by Black-and-all-Black, g. grandam by King Herod, g. g. grandam by Partner, g. g. g. grandam by old Apollo.'

Mr. Lamar saith further:—'The dam of Topgallant was a splendid mare; she was also the dam of a splendid stallion called Blount's Diomed. Topgallant was sold by Mr. Blount to some gentlemen in Tennessee, or

that section of the country. He ran, he informs me, at Augusta before he sold him, and he thinks *distanced* the field. The blood of the stock is known *here* to be thorough and fashionable; and no horse in the United States has produced stock so popular here as old Gallatin. Topgallant sold for \$1,500 when a colt, (a three year old, I presume,) a large price for the times. Gallatin served but very few thoroughbred mares; there were then but few in Georgia. The old Wildair mare was among the *best*. The two best of his produce (get) was the dam of Wild Will, Charles Kemble, and her full sister, whose produce, some of them I own. See January number of Turf Register. I hope this will satisfy your mind.

Respectfully yours, JOHN LAMAR.'

I have transcribed this letter entire, hoping you will have the goodness to publish it. On reading this communication to Col. Elliot, who purchased the horse Topgallant of Judge Blount, his memory was refreshed, and he now recollects that *this* was the pedigree given by Blount to him at the time of purchase. Topgallant was a black-legged bay, full sixteen hands high, with a most splendid fore-hand and first rate hind legs.

A word or two, if you please, relative to the *intellectual* 'John Bascom,' (no *b's* to it.) I adopt the sentiment, that 'what is worth doing is worth doing well.' As there are several friends deeply interested in the *authenticity* of his *whole pedigree*, and believing that it is in *my* power at this time to settle a very doubtful question that has been raised by your correspondents, I will volunteer my aid, and 'do for others what I would they should do for me' under similar circumstances. Your correspondent 'B.' is now convinced that Bascom hails from more than sire and dam. But another sage suggestion has found quarters in your paper, that 'the Pacolet that got Grey Goose, the dam of Bascom, might be a *son* of Pacolet, by imp. Citizen.' This is not shooting with the eyes shut, to be sure, but it is very little better—it is shooting without looking through *both* sights of the gun. Grey Goose was by *that Pacolet* which Gen. Jackson & Co. purchased of Wm. R. Johnson, of Va. Col. James Gray Jones, late of the vicinity of Franklin, Williamson county, Tenn. told me that he bred the Buzzard mare to Pacolet, when he stood at or near Nashville, under the control of John W. Clay, and that *Grey Goose was the produce*. He trained and ran her near Nashville as one of Pacolet's first get: she ran at other places in this state. After Mr. Jones parted with her, a Mr. Reynolds owned her, then a Mr. Henry Robertson, then Major Connally got her, I think, and has two brood mares from her, one by Stockholder, a chestnut mare, and the other the full sister to Bascom. There is another fine mare out of Grey Goose, got by old Conqueror—she is a grey, called Roxana, and was owned last year by Col. Langford, of Coffeetown, Ala. and bred to Luzborough the second year I *wielded* him; she was sent home with foal by that 'princely foreigner.' And after Mr. Connally, Col. Crowell owns this celebrated *Goose*, that lays such golden treasure. I saw her on the way to Bertrand's stable last winter was a year, and I hope she has increased the wealth of her owners by one or two more young Bascoms! And now for the last lingering doubt. I saw in your

paper of recent date, that your correspondent 'B. C. W.' has no difficulty in believing *all* that is published about his pedigree, but is not sure that the *whole* truth is told; he thinks that there is one link in the chain, *perhaps*, left out, that is, the Columbus cross; it is an excellent cross, verily, but does not belong to the pedigree of Bascom. I will show you—I have now before me the 33d number of the *Franklin Farmer*, published at Frankfort, Ken. on the 21st of April, 1838: in said paper, John Harris has given a list of thoroughbreds reared and sold by him, beginning with that invaluable mare

No. 1. Jane Hunt, a dark bay mare, foaled in 1796, got by Wade Hampton's Paragon, &c.

No. 2. Indiana, a b. m. foaled in 1802, sired by Butler's Columbus, dam No. 1.

No. 5. Sally Sneed, a b. m. foaled 18th April, 1807, sired by imp. Buzzard, dam No. 1.

Mr. Harris saith, 'I parted with No. 5 to James Quarles, Esq. of Woodford county, Ky.; she was afterwards taken to Tennessee, and is the grandam of John Bascom.' Mr. Harris bred another mare by imp. Buzzard, which stands No. 7. Hannah Harris, a b. m. foaled 22d April, 1807, sired by imp. Buzzard, dam No. 2, which is the Columbus mare which produced Paragon, sired by Blackburn's Whip. And this explains away the difficulty under which your friend 'B. C. W.' was labouring. I have thus, sir, endeavoured to plant, or rather sustain the pillar reared to the memory of the ancestry of the Grey Goose, and like a pillar of Grecian marble, sure enough, it shines fairest when stript of all ornaments. John Bascom might exclaim—

'I was born so high;
Our eyrie was the cedar's top,
That dallies in the sun
And dangles in the wind.'

N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

H. M. CRYER.

JOHN BASCOMBE'S GRANDAM.

Forks of Elkhorn, Franklin county, Ky. June 1, 1838.

To the Editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, Sir,—In several of the late numbers of your very valuable paper, I have seen strictures on the pedigree of John Bascombe, pointing more particularly to the grandam, and as my name has been referred to as having bred the grandam, I feel myself called upon to say something on the subject.

My father-in-law, the late Daniel Hunt, of Hunterdon county, N. J. owned old Slammerkin, and bred her for a number of years. He bred the Figure mare and the Paragon mare referred to in John Bascombe's pedigree; the latter he gave to me at two years old, and I brought her to Ky. in 1798. In 1801 I bred her to Butler's Columbus, and she produced a filly foal. In 1806 I bred the Paragon mare and the Columbus filly to imp. Buzzard, and they produced two filly foals. The filly out of the

Paragon mare by imp. Buzzard I sold at four years old to a neighbour, who took her to Tennessee. The filly out of the Columbus mare I retained and bred until 1826; she is the dam of Paragon, Apollo, Miss Slammerkin, (alias Jenny Slammerkin,) &c. &c. The former I did not hear of from the time she was taken to Tennessee, until Col. Crowell's brother called upon me winter before last for her pedigree, as being the grandam of John Bascombe.

These are the circumstances under which I gave a certificate of the pedigree of the mare, and I indulge the hope they will prove amply satisfactory to the most scrupulous on the subject. I make this communication, Mr. Editor, with the greater pleasure, as it appears to me it must put at rest the only doubt that appears to hang over the pedigree of one that has proved himself so deserving of a noble ancestry.

I have never published an account of my blooded stock of horses until last winter, when I made two communications to the Franklin Farmer, (published at Frankfort,) for the 'Kentucky Stud Book,' now in progress. Others have made publications on the subject, and there may be unintentional errors in them.

Yours, &c.

JOHN HARRIS.

[b.]

ROBIN HOOD, POST BOY, AND DECATUR.

Queen's county, L. I. May 9, 1838.

DEAR SIR:—Supposing that the following particulars in relation to horses of some note may be interesting to breeders of blood stock, they are communicated for insertion in your paper.

Robin Hood was dropped on the 18th of April, 1828, and in February, 1830, measured 14 hands 3 inches. December 2, 1830, girth at chest, 68½ inches. January 6, 1831, height 15 hands 1½ inches.

Post Boy, dropped 5th May, 1831. November 26, same year, measured 12 hands 2½ inches. June 11, 1832, 13 hands 3 inches. November 4, 1832, 14 hands 1½ inches over the withers, 14 hands 2½ inches over the croup. February 18, 1832, girth at chest 67 inches, height over the withers 14 hands 2½ inches. April 2, 1834, over the withers 15 hands 1 inch.

Decatur, dropped 20th April, 1833. At four days old measured 9 hands 3½ inches. February 20, 1834, being ten months old, measured 13 hands 2 inches. May 1, 1835, being two years old, 15 hands.

Robin Hood was sold at three years old for \$300. Post Boy, at three years old, for \$700. Decatur, at two years old, for \$800.

A SUBSCRIBER.

P. S. In your number of the 5th inst. you state that Suffolk, in his yearling form, was sold at Tattersalls, in New York, with his dam, Ostrich, for \$205 50. This is not exactly correct—Ostrich was sold at John R. Snediker's, 2d May, 1834, by John W. Watson, & Co. with her Andrew colt (now Suffolk) at foal—the colt having been dropped on the 3d of the preceding month: they brought \$220.

[b.]

THE GIN-AND-WATER HUNT.—No. II.

THE DEBATE AND APPOINTMENT OF COMMITTEE.

WELL, as we said before, when Michael Hardey died, great was the difficulty in the vale of Sheepwash to devise how the Gin-and-water hunt was to be carried on.

In the course of his career, a great change had come over the honest inhabitants of the vale. Most of the old set had passed away, or become incapacitated from following the sports of the field, and their places had been supplied by a mongrel race yclept 'gentlemen farmers'—men who attended country races, rode steeple-chases, smoked cigars, and hunted in white mole-skin breeches and cut-away coats. Merry James Fairlamb alone left a son worthy of his sire, a plain, sensible, unaffected, young man, who inherited his father's passion for the chase;—all the rest, more or less, partook of the character we have described.

Michael's death having taken place towards the autumn, the situation of the lover of the chase was rendered more difficult, for Michael had hunted the country so long, that people seemed to think he would last for ever, and if any observations were ever made about a successor, it was only by some of the dandy cavillers of Handley-cross Spa, who objected to Michael's brown coat and early hours. The intelligence of his death created a greater sensation at Handley-cross than it did in the vale; for amusement being the sole business of the place, the visitors could not afford to lose so important a feature as the chase; and 'a pack of excellent fox-hounds in the immediate vicinity,' had begun to be appended to every advertisement of a house to let, or estate to be sold in the neighbourhood. Great therefore as was the loss occasioned by his death to the farmers of the vale, it was still greater to the patrons of the Spa.

It being an established rule at all watering places, that the visitors are the lords paramount of the soil, and the owners and occupiers of property in the neighbourhood under infinite obligations to them for coming, it follows as a matter of course, that whatever those birds of passage take into their heads must be complied with, otherwise the ruin of the place is inevitable. Moreover, just at this time a rail road from London to the sea, for the purpose of supplying the metropolis with 'lily-white sand,' having been completed to within three miles of Handley-cross, numberless important citizens had begun to puff down by the trains, and the place had so many visitors that the proprietors of the Spa had been obliged to import a chemist to convert another pure water spring into a chalybeate, so much greater was the demand than the supply from the original one. In fact there was not a lodging, a hole or corner of any description, to be had, for no one stays in London in the autumn that can help it, and the miraculous cures of the wonderful waters, the unequalled accommodation, and the names of the aristocratic visitors, were kept constantly paraded before the public, through the medium of 'paragraph' advertisements, as they are called, in all the local and many of the London papers, which were closely followed on by notices from the 'Lily-white Sand Company'

of the hours of arrival and departure of their passenger trains on the railway. So great was the influx of company, that the master of the ceremonies was fairly worked off his legs in leaving cards upon the arrivers, and watching his subscription book as it lay at the library for signatures and guineas; and the quack-doctor who had called the Spa into existence, hurried about from door to door, from house to villa, in a black buggy with red striped wheels, with mystery on his brow, dealing death and drugs as he went. Houses were rising both in altitude and value, and the expenditure of the population began to be felt by all the country round. With things in this state poor Michael Hardey died; and the visitors having been accustomed to ride rough-shod over the people of the town, it was not unnatural for them to suppose that the country round about was no less subject to their pleasure.

Without waiting for the ceremony of poor Michael's funeral, and without consulting any land-owner in the district, a notice was put up at Hookem's library and Boltem's billiard-room, calling a meeting of the 'visitors' for the next day, in the dining-room of the Dragon hotel, 'to make arrangements for carrying on the fox-hounds; the chair to be taken at one o'clock precisely.'

Accordingly at that hour all the idle, lounging, water-drinking, time-killing male portion of the population came sauntering in, right glad of an excuse to kill an hour; and some thirty or forty being collected, Captain Doleful, the aforesaid master of the ceremonies, got up and moved that Augustus Barnaby, Esq. should take the chair.

Mr. Barnaby was a Cheshire man, fat and rich, with a red head and an imperious wife; and independently of being a great promoter of shilling lotteries, donkey races, and other enterprising sports, he had put his name down for two guineas instead of one to the Captain's book, which had procured him the Captain's friendship. He was a shy man at best, but his wife had long since knocked any little spirit out of him he ever possessed, and he rather hesitated about taking the chair; but after an encouraging look or two from the Captain, and a 'hear, hear, hear!' from somebody else, he got shuffled before it, when Captain Doleful giving the table a thump with his hand to procure silence, Mr Barnaby stammered out something about 'honour they had done him, and knowing what they were met for, should be happy to hear any observations,'—all of which was received with renewed cries of 'hear, hear!'

Captain Doleful, the 'arbiter elegantiarum,' of the place, then presented himself to the notice of the meeting. He was a tall, lathy, death's-head-looking being, with a melancholy, woe-begone grin on his countenance, and a flat head thinly scattered over with lank straight uneven hair, that would have been grey but for the cosmetics of the barber, which converted it into a rusty brown. His dress in a morning was black, with black gaiters, a costume and appearance sufficient to create jealousy in the most benevolent and contented-minded undertaker. In an evening, when in 'full blow,' the black waistcoat gave way to a short, shrivelled, ill-washed white one, that let out a double row of frills from its upright collar, the frills extending half way down the front, and the shoes and gaiters were

supplied by white silk stockings and pumps with very broad ribbons. A crush hat in his hand completed his evening costume. The idea of the dress was borrowed from 'Pelham,' improved by the suggestions of a frugal imagination. His manner was hasty, and tone funereal. Having squared out his feet to the utmost extent of the first position in dancing lessons, and stuck out his elbows in a corresponding form, he proceeded to pay a handsome compliment to the chairman for the business-like manner in which he had opened the subject, and went on to observe that he trusted that there was no one there who did not admit the propriety of maintaining the fox-hounds, not only as regarded the important benefit such an establishment would confer upon the town of Handley-cross, now rapidly rising into one of great magnitude and importance, but also as regarded their individual amusement. For his own part, he stood there upon public grounds alone, (hear, hear.) His numerous and arduous duties, of regulating the Spas in the mornings, the promenades at noon, and the balls and concerts of an evening, left him but too little leisure as it was, to pay those polite attentions to the fashionable world which were invariably expected from a well-bred master of ceremonies. Many of the aristocratic visitors to be sure, he observed by the subscription book at the library, had kindly overlooked his remissness—unintentional and scarcely to be avoided as it was—and he trusted others would extend to him a similar indulgence. With respect to the maintenance of the fox-hounds, he confessed he was incompetent to offer any suggestion, for though he had long worn a scarlet coat, it was when in the army, a militia captain—and hunting formed no part of their *exercise*. Perhaps some gentleman who understood something about the matter, would favour the meeting with his ideas upon the number of dogs and foxes they should keep, (laughter,) the probable expense of their maintenance, (renewed laughter) and then they might set about seeing what they could raise in the way of subscription.' The conclusion of his speech was greeted with loud applause, amid which the captain resumed his seat with a long-protracted, mouth-stretching, self-satisfied grin on his countenance.

Mr. Dennis O'Brian, a broad-shouldered, big, black-whiskered card-playing, fortune-hunting Irishman, after a short pause rose to address the meeting. 'Upon his honour,' said he, throwing open his coat in the O'Gorman Mahon style, 'but the last spoken honourable jontleman had made a mighty nate introduction of the matter in its true light, for there was no denying the fact that *money* was all that was wanted to carry on the war. He knew the Ballyshannon dogs, in the county of Donegal, kept by Mr. Trodennick, which cost half nothing at all and a little over, which showed mighty nate sport, and that was all they wanted. By the powers! but they were the right sort, and followed by rale lovers of the sport from a genuine inclination that way, and not for mere show sake, as many of the spalpeens of this country followed them, (applause.) If the company would appoint him manager-gineral, and give him a couple of hundred in hand, and three or four more at the end of the sason, by the holy piper! he would undertake to do all that was nadeiful and proper, and make such an example of every thing that came in his way, as would

astonish his own and their wake minds for iver. He would have foxes' *pates* by the dozen. He had no fear; faith, none at all. By the great gun of Athlone, he would ride in and out of the Ballydarton pound, or fly at a six foot brick and mortar wall, dashed, spiked, and coped with broken bottles! He had a horse that he would match against any thing that iver was foaled, a perfect lump of elasticity from his shoulder to the tip of his tail—the devil be with him! but when you got on his back, it was ten to one but he sprung you over his head by the mere contraction of his muscles! Faith! at his castle in Connaught, he had many such, and he would give any jontleman or man of fortune in the company that would fetch a few over to England, one for his trouble.' Thus Mr. Dennis O'Brian rattled on for ten minutes or more, without producing any favourable effect upon the meeting, for having won or borrowed money from most of them, no one felt inclined to allow him to increase his obligations.

When he had exhausted himself, Mr. Romeo Simpkins, a pert, but simple-looking, pink-and-white, yellow-hair'd youth, studying the law in Hare-court, in the Temple, being anxious to train his voice for the bar, came forward from the crowd that had congregated behind the chair, and looking very sheepish, after casting his eye into his hat, where he had a copious note of his speech, set off at a hand gallop with the first sentence as follows: 'Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, in presuming to introduce myself upon the notice of the meeting, I assure you I am actuated by no motive but an anxious desire, such as must pervade the breast of every free-born Englishman, every lover of his country—every—I mean to say every—every'—here he looked imploringly round the room, as much as to say, 'what a mess I'm in!' and then casting his eyes into his hat again, attempted to read his notes, but he had made them so full, and the novelty of his situation had so bewildered him, that they were of no use, and after a long string of stutters he slunk back into the crowd amid the laughter and applause of the company. As he left the room he dropped his notes, which, as the reader will see from the following specimen, were framed for rather a *serious* infliction: *Presume* to address—love of country—of all out-of-door amusements, nothing like hunting—encouraged by best authorities, practised by greatest men—*Sacred history*—Nimrod of Babylon—Venus took the field—Adonis killed in chase—Persians fond of hunting—Athenians do.—Solon restrained ardour—Lacedemonians, and their breed of speedy dogs—Xenophon—Olympic games—Romans—Aristotle—Oppian—Hadrian—Ascanius—Somerville—Beckford—Meynell—Col. Cook—Nimrod, of Calais—thanks—attentive hearing.'

Mr. Abel Snoreem next addressed the meeting. He was a grey-headed, sharp-visaged, long-nosed, but rather gentlemanly-looking, well-dressed man, who was notorious for addressing every meeting he could get to, and wearying the patience of his audiences by his long-winded orations. Throwing back his coat, he gave the table a thump with his knuckles, and immediately proceeded to speak, lest the chairman should suffer any one else to catch his eye.—'Mr. Chairman and gentlemen,' said he, 'if I am rightly informed, for I have not a copy of the proclamation with me, this meeting has been convened for the purpose of taking into considera-

tion a very important question connected with the prosperity of this salubrious spot; a spot, I may say, unrivalled both for its health-giving properties, and for those rural beauties that nature has so bountifully lavished around. In bringing our minds to the calm and deliberate consideration of the subject, fraught, as I may say it is, with the welfare, the happiness, the recreation, the enjoyment, of many of those around, I feel assured that it would be wholly superfluous in me to point out the propriety of exercising a sound, impartial, unbiassed judgment, dismissing from our minds all political bias, all party feeling, all invidious comparison, all speculative theories—and of looking at the question in its single capacity, weighing it according to its true merits, apart from all personal consideration, and legislating upon it in such a manner as we shall conceive will be most conducive to the true interest of this town, and to the honour and welfare of the British dominions, (laughter and loud coughing, with cries of ‘question.’) The question appeared to him to be one of great simplicity, and whether he regarded it in the aggregate, or considered it in detail, he found none of those perplexing difficulties, those aggravating technicalities, those harrowing, heart-burning jealousies, that too frequently enveloped matters of less serious import, and led the mind insensibly from the contemplation of the abstract question that should engage it, into those loftier fields of human speculation that better suited the discursive and ethereal genius of the philosopher, than the more substantial matter-of-fact understandings of sober-minded men of business, (loud coughing and scraping of feet.) Neither was it tinctured with any considerations that could possibly provoke a comparison between the merits of the respective parties, then forming the legislature of the country, or excite a surmise as to the stability of the lords, or the security of the church, or yet the constitution of the commons; it was, in short, one of those questions upon which contending parties, meeting on neutral ground, might extend the right hand of good fellowship, and friendship, when peace and harmony might kiss each other, truth and justice join the embrace, and the lion and the lamb lie down together,’ (*cock a doodle doo!*) crowed some one, which produced a roar of laughter, followed by cheers, whistles, coughs, scraping of feet, and great confusion.) Mr. Snoreem, quite undaunted, and with features perfectly unmoved, merely noticed the interruption by a wave of the right hand, and silence returning, in consequence of the exhaustion of the ‘movement’ party, he drew a breath, and again went off at score.

‘The question, he would repeat, was far from being one of difficulty—nay, so simple did it appear to his mind, that he should be greatly surprised if any difference of opinion existed upon it. He rejoiced to think so, for nothing was more conducive to the success of a measure than the unanimous support of all parties interested in it; and he did hope and trust, that the result of that meeting would show to the world how coinciding in sentiment had been the deliberation of the distinguished assembly which he then had the honour of addressing, (applause, with loud coughing, and renewed cries of ‘question, question,’ ‘shut it up,’ ‘order, order.’) ‘He was dealing with it as closely, and acutely, as logic and the

English language would allow, (renewed uproar.) It appeared to him to be simply this—divest the question of all superfluous matter, all redundant verbiage, and then let the meeting declare that the establishment respecting whose future maintenance they had that day assembled, had been one of essential service to the place—upon that point, he had no doubt they would be unanimous—(yes, yes, we know all that;) secondly, they should declare that its preservation was one of paramount importance to the place and neighbourhood, and then it would necessarily resolve itself into this (*cock a doodle doo!*) with immense laughter,)—those who were of opinion that the establishment was of importance, would give it their countenance and support; while on the other hand, those who were of a contrary opinion, would have nothing whatever to say to it. He regretted the apparent reluctance of some of the company to grant him a fair and extended hearing, because, without vanity, he thought that a gentleman like himself, in the habit of attending and addressing public meetings, (laughter,) was likely to clear away many of the cobwebs, films, mistifications, and obstructions that hung in the way of a clear and unprejudiced view and examination of the question; but such unfortunately being the case, he should content himself by simply moving the resolution which he held in his hand, and would read to the company.'

'That it is the opinion of this meeting, that the hounds which have hitherto hunted the vale of Sheepwash and adjacent country, have contributed very materially to the amusement of the inhabitants and visitors of Handley-cross Spa.' Mr. Hookem, the librarian, seconded the resolution which was put, and carried unanimously.

Mr. Fleeceall, the solicitor, a tallish, middle-aged, very sinister-looking, bald-headed gentleman, with a green patch over one eye, and a roguish expression in the other, stood up to make a few observations. He was dressed in a claret-coloured duffle-frock coat, a buff kerseymere waistcoat with gilt buttons, drab trousers, with shoes and stockings. After two or three hems and haws, he began—'Very few countries,' he said, 'were now without hounds, certainly none in the neighbourhood of a town of the size, importance, and population of Handley-cross; a population too, he should observe, composed almost entirely of the aristocracy and pleasure and health-hunting patrons of society. A couplet occurred to his recollection, which he thought was not inapplicable to the question before them, though he must observe that he introduced it without reference to any quarrel he might have had with a certain would-be medical man in the place, and without any intention of injuring that individual in the estimation of those who were inclined to place confidence in his prescriptions; he merely quoted the lines in illustration of his position, and as being better than his great and increasing business, not only as at attorney at law, and solicitor in the high court of chancery, but also as a conveyancer, and secretary to the poor law board of guardians, and clerk of the Mount Zion road, would allow him time to pen. They were these:

'Better to rove in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught;'

and he was sure no one there would deny that hunting, of all pursuits, was best calculated to restore or produce health and drive away dull care, the ills and evils of life, whether in mind or body, (applause.) Exercise, he would say, without invidious allusion, was the best of all *medicines*. They were standing in the garden of England. On every side nature's charms were displayed around, and Handley-cross was the capital of beauty's empire, (applause.) Within her bounds an unrivalled Spa had burst into existence, the health-giving qualities of whose gushing waters would draw people from all nations of the earth, (cheers.) Air, water, and exercise, he contended, would cure anything that was capable of relief, (cheers.) Let them, then, take measures for inducing people to enjoy the pure atmosphere from other motives than mere change of air, and the day could not be far distant when quackery would fail and hunting flourish. His business, as he said before, was great—almost overpowering, but such was his devotion to the place—such his detestation of humbug and knavery, that he would not hesitate to accept the situation of secretary to the hunt, in addition to his other numerous and arduous appointments, and accept it too upon terms much lower than any other man could afford to take it at.'

Mr. Smith, a Hampshire gentleman, one of the earliest patrons of Handley-cross Spa, who, from the circumstance of his lodging round the corner of Hookem's library, had acquired the name of 'round-the-corner Smith,' next presented himself to the notice of the meeting. He was a very smart, genteelly dressed man, apparently about five-and-thirty, or forty, with a tremendous impediment in his speech—so troublesome was it indeed, that it was hard to say whether it was most distressing to his hearers or himself. After opening a very natty single-breasted blue sur-tout, so as to exhibit a handsome double-breasted shawl waistcoat, with a Venetian watch chain, he coughed, and commenced, not a speech, but a long string of stutters. 'He felt con-sid-did-did-did-rable di-di-di-difficulty in pro-no-no-no-no-nouncing an o-p-p-p-p-pinion upon the matter under con-sid-did-did-de-ration, because he was not co-co-co-co-conversant with the c-c-country, b-b-but he t-t-took it to be an establish-lish-lished rule, that all men who h-h-hun-hunted regularly with a p-p-pack of ho-ho-ho-hounds, ought to contribute to their sup-sup-sup-port. He knew something about h-h-h-hun-hunting, and if his hu-hu-hu-humble services would be of any avail, the co-co-co-country might command them. At the same time, he thought, that the h-h-h-hunt would be more li-li-likely to pros-pros-prosper if there were more ma-managers than one, and that a co-co-co-committee would be the likeliest thing under existing cir-cir-circumstances to give sa-tis-tis-faction—he therefore be-be-begged to move the fo-fo-following resolution:' 'That it is expe-pe-pedient that the vale of She-she-sheepwash ho-ho-ho-hounds should in future be ca-ca-carried on by a co-co-co-committee of management, under the name of the Ha-ha-ha-handley-cross ho-ho-ho-hounds.'

Captain Doleful begged to propose as a fit and proper person to be associated with the honourable gentleman who had just addressed them, in the future management of the pack, his worthy, excellent, public

spirited and popular friend, Augustus Barnaby, Esq. of Barnaby hall, Cheshire, who, he felt convinced, would prove a most valuable ally, not only in the field, but also in superintending the home department, and arrangements, such as hunt dinners, hunt balls, and other entertainments to the ladies, which, he felt assured, it would be equally the pride of the hunt to offer, and the pleasure of the fair sex to accept,' (applause.)

Just at this moment Simon Peter, the little shock-headed Jewish-looking 'privileged to be impudent' head waiter of the Dragon, threw open the door, and in a loud voice proclaimed, 'My Lords and gentlemen, *lunch* is ready!' whereupon the whole party belonging to the house scampered off, leaving Mr. Fleeceall, 'round-the-corner-Smith,' and Doleful, to move a vote of thanks to the chairman, and set him at liberty—an operation that was not so quickly performed as usual, in consequence of 'round-the-corner-Smith' taking the part of mover instead of seconder, and dragging his eulogies along at a most unsportsman-like pace.

The day following the one on which this meeting was held, poor Michael was interred in the secluded churchyard of Shady camp hill, in the presence of his neighbours and friends in the vale, many of whom retired to the cottage after the funeral was over. His will, a half sheet of letter paper, in his own hand-writing, was produced from the drawer in which he kept his tobacco and pipes, and read: all his property was left to his cousin, the brazier at Bridport, subject to the annuity to Peter and the hounds. In the course of the afternoon their future continuance and destination naturally became matter of consideration, a point that kept forcing itself upon the mind, by the uneasy fidgetings of a favourite old badger-pied bitch in the room, and the wandering and howling of divers hounds about the house. The brazier was a keen, crafty quaker, without the slightest turn for the chase, and seemed to consider himself more wronged by the hounds, than obliged to Michael for what he had left him. Finding the hounds required feeding, instead of supporting themselves by the produce of the chase, he at once declared his intention of turning them all adrift, and rung the hand-bell to summon Peter to perform the task. Peter assured him, with tears in his eyes, that not a hound should cost him a halfpenny if he would but let them remain over night, but the brazier was inexorable; so calling them together, Peter, by young Fairlamb's directions, took them over to his house, followed by the majority of the company. Here, after hearty anathemas at the brazier's brutality, the subject of their future destination was again discussed over the old established cheer of gin and pipes, when, after naming every person that could by possibility be thought of, it was at length settled that, for the present, they should remain under the joint mastership of Fairlamb and Stephen Dumpling, the son of our old friend the dun-pony-riding doctor of Handley-cross. Old Dumpling had made a comfortable independence by honest country practice, and invested his money on a tract of improvable land, on what was open downs in the greater part of Michael Hardey's time, which he had converted into a thriving pasture farm. Stephen rather considered himself above even the improved breed of 'gentlemen farmers,' for he was a cornet in the yeomanry, kept a gig and horse, and drove

about with a country-clown of a lad, with a cockade in his hat. For a farmer, Stephen was good-looking, for a gentleman, vulgar-looking. He was of middle stature, dark-complexioned, with dark eyes and hair, but there was a half-rigged, dirty dandyism about him, that spoilt his general effect; for if his hat was good, his boots were bad, and a new coat would be marred by the union of a shabby or ill-fitting waistcoat, or queer-coloured, badly-made trousers or breeches. He was more properly 'a sporting man,' than a sportsman—that is to say, he was just as fond of anything else as of hunting, and considered 'steeple-chasing' the finest invention of modern times. He, however, more from being nearly an 'idle man' than anything else, was associated with Fairlamb in the temporary management of the hounds. In the course of the discussion respecting them, in which Peter was requested to sit down and take part, the altered condition of the country, in consequence of the establishment and increase of Handley-cross Spa, and the formation of the 'Lily-white sand' railway, were forcibly dwelt on; but it never occurred to any of the company, that there was any probability of the visitors to the Spa attempting to usurp the vale. So they settled it on the basis, that the hounds were to be carried on as heretofore, supported by voluntary contributions, and hunted by Peter; and towards dusk, the party wended their ways home.

The Bridport brazier was sitting all alone in Michael Hardey's room, 'totting up' the appraiser's valuation of the goods, chattels, and effects of his late cousin, when a break, drawn by a pair of handsome bay horses, with 'Augustus Barnaby, Esq. Barnaby-hall,' on a plate on the right side drew up at the door, and presently a man in a many-caped drab great-coat, with a whip in one hand, and a gold-laced hat in the other, entered the apartment, and kicking his leg out behind, inclined his head a little forward. The quaker-brazier had just got into the shilling column of the account, after a desperate flounder among the pence, and an intrusion at that critical moment when he had made no mem. of how many shillings there were to carry forward, was well calculated to upset a milder-tempered man than himself; consequently, with a start and a furious stare, he demanded what the intruder wanted? 'Please sir, I be come for the hounds,' was the reply. 'Hounds! what dost thou suppose I know about hounds?' was the answer. 'Master said, I was to go to old Hardey's house in the vale, and ask the servant for them, and bring them to the Cross, where the gemmen intend keeping them in future.' 'Oh!' says the brazier, smelling a rat, 'but friend, did he say anything to thee about paying for them? what's worth sending for, is worth paying for, I presume,—eh, friend?' 'Why yes,' said the coachman, 'he said I might give Peter a sovereign, and if he held out for more, I might give him a couple, but that was more for old acquaintance sake than aught else.' 'Humph!' said the brazier, tearing the plume off his pen with his teeth, 'the hounds are mine I should think—I am Michael Hardey's personal representative, and if thy master wants the hounds—which, mind thee, I set *great* store upon, as having been part of the worldly property of my

late beloved kinsman, Michael Hardey—he must treat with me for them, and not with Peter.’

‘And what may you please to want for them?’ inquired the coachman.

‘That’s more than I can tell thee, friend, for the appraiser hath not yet delivered unto me his valuation of their worth, so as to enable me to include them in the catalogue of my dear departed cousin’s effects; but I should say, without premeditation or disguise, that they will be unusually cheap at ten pounds.’

‘That’s more than I dare give,’ replied the coachman, scratching his head, ‘master’s a gemman all over, and to the back-bone, but I durs’nt give ten pounds without seeing him again—however if you are in no hurry to part with them, perhaps you will give me the refusal of them till to-morrow.’

‘Friend, I cannot do that, for behold I depart this night by the last Lily-white sand train for the metropolis, from whence I journey to Bridport direct; moreover, I have two or three other applications for them, particularly one from a merchant mutton-pie maker, in Whitechapel, who wisheth to purchase the lot for culinary purposes; so friend thou must agree within thyself quickly; for verily, if thy master buyeth them not, the man in Whitechapel will become the purchaser.’

The coachman still hesitated, and stood exchanging his hat from one hand to the other, occasionally varying the movement by twisting the point of his whip round his thumb. ‘Come friend,’ said the quaker encouragingly, ‘thou knowest thou hast got a bargain, verily my late lamented kinsman would not have taken ten times the amount for them, and neither would I, only it suiteth not my calling to keep them. Come, say the word, and I’ll tell thee what I’ll do, I’ll throw thee back ten shillings for luck, and give thee a receipt for ten pounds all the same.’ ‘You are too hard,’ replied the coachman, ‘master real-*lie* would not be pleased if I was to give so much—hounds are cheap, you see, now; but as I would not like to lose them, say you will throw back a sovereign and I will take them.’ ‘Well then,’ said the brazier, ‘to save trouble, I will accommodate thee and thy master by taking it; so tell down nine golden sovereigns, and I will give thee a receipt for ten pounds, and an order upon Peter for the pack.’

This being done, the coachman proceeded to Fairlamb’s for the hounds and presented his order to Peter, who very quietly tore the slip of paper into eight pieces and gave them to the southerly wind. Jehu was furiously indignant at the idea of a country boor showing so little respect to a London coachman, and swore and raved accordingly; but Peter was not to be thrown off his guard, and it ended in the coachman driving the bays home much quicker than they came.

The visitors at the Spa were perfectly furious when they heard what had happened, and nothing was heard of at library, well, or walk, all the next morning, but the insult that had been offered to their highnesses by the plebeians of the place. Indeed for several hours ‘the world’ seemed to have come to a perfect stand still, the flies remained motionless on the stand, the donkeys stood with their heads turned towards the tethering

posts, the women at the wells sat glass in hand waiting the coming of the customers, and the three fiddlers and clarionet player, in vain tuned their instruments, and played half an air in hopes of drawing the company up the promenade.

At length the folding glass doors of Hookem's library flew open, and out stalked Capt. Doleful, (with a large sheet of paper in his hand, the ink on which was not yet dry,) followed by a string of men, the foremost of whom carried a box of wafers. Crossing the parade they made straight for the billiard-room door, and posted a notice on its pannel, calling a meeting of the inhabitants for eight o'clock that evening, to take into consideration the 'extraordinary posture of affairs.' This seasonable step had the effect of somewhat allaying the irritation and excitement, though groups kept assembling in all parts and corners of the town, looking thoughtful and mysterious, and talking with energy and importance. Whoever walked the streets came in for fragments of conversation, such as, 'Heighth of impudence!'—'Never heard such a thing!'—'People mad!'—'End of the place.'—'Drive away company.'—'Go to Cheltenham.'—'Harrowgate waters much better.'—'Lord Harewood's hounds.'—'Devil take them!'—'Who would have thought it?' &c.

Evening and the anxiously looked-for hour arrived, and numerous were the arrivals in the long room of the 'Dragon.' Three carpet hops and a music party were put off, and tea and talk prevailed throughout Handley-cross that evening.

Sir Ralph Forest, a mild venerable old sportsman of seventy-three, who in former years had had a country, and knew something about how matters should be managed, was persuaded to attend and take the chair; and owing entirely to his judicious observations and advice, may be attributed the aversion of the storm that then overclouded the town of Handley-cross. 'Hunting,' he said, 'was a sport in his humble opinion that could only be enjoyed by sufferance, and for which the gentry were mainly indebted to the farmers. To the farmers they were indebted for the preservation of foxes, and to them they were also under obligations for the permission to trespass upon their farms and injure their crops in the pursuit of their game. Indeed, without the good-will and support of the farmers, he might say hunting a country with satisfaction, either to the field or the master, was wholly out of the question.' He then proceeded to pass a handsome eulogy upon Michael Hardey, whom he described as a man above all price, one that is rarely met with in the world, and such as no country can expect to be blessed with twice. He concluded by saying, that though too old to partake of the pleasure of the chase himself, so convinced was he of the benefits resulting to society from the maintenance of a pack of fox-hounds, that hearing a difficulty had arisen relative to the pack, he had ventured from his house that evening, in the hopes that the coolness and experience of age might avert anything like a collision between the visitors to the Spa, and the farmers of the vale, whose rights had descended to them from former generations. He therefore advised, that no hasty step should be taken, either with respect to claiming the hounds or taking the country, but that they should show a disposition to

co-operate with the farmers, and endeavour by their mutual exertions to promote what all would agree was a common cause. If the farmers wished to continue the hounds in the manner they had hitherto kept them he conceived that they had an undoubted right so to do, but as in all probability they would look for some support and assistance from the wealthy town of Handley-cross, it would then be open for the subscribers to make their suggestions, either as to days of hunting, hours of meeting, or whatever else they might wish. If the farmers declined the hunt altogether, then the visitors might make overtures for taking the establishment into their own hands; this however, was a step which would require great caution, delicacy, and circumspection, for he need not observe, that one hostile or unfriendly farmer, in a limited country like the vale, might create endless difficulty and obstruction to sport. Above all things he conjured them to avoid appearing to demand as a right, that which could not by any manner of means be deemed other than a favour and a matter of courtesy.

So temperate and sensible were his observations and made with such evident disinterestedness withal, that the whole party felt convinced of their force and propriety; and instead of becoming, as the previous meeting was, a mere training ground for oratorship and frothy nonsense, no one spoke a syllable in reply or opposition, and the only question was, whom they should appoint to negotiate the matter with the farmers. The gentlemen already named on the committee of management, appeared the proper parties; so, on the motion of Captain Doleful, Augustus Barnaby and James Smith, Esqs. were appointed to watch over the interests of the sporting portion of the population of the town of Handley-cross, and with thanks to the chairman, the meeting broke up.

The following day, Stephen Dumpling was seen bowling up the High street, and pulling up under the arch-way of the Dragon, where giving the well pipe-clayed reins to his boy, he alighted jauntily from the driving seat, and walked into the bar of the inn. He was dressed in a blue braided frock-coat, with a sky-blue neckcloth, country-made yellow corduroy trousers, white Berlin gloves, and whitey-brown hat. It is scarcely necessary to add, that he had cigar in his moth.

'Round-the-corner' Smith, Augustus Barnaby, Esq. Capt. Doleful, and Fleeceall, had placed themselves at a green-baized table in the 'Moon' up stairs, with pens, ink, and paper before them, when Stephen Dumpling was announced, and was followed shortly after by Fairlamb. Doleful having introduced the parties to each other, with great ceremony and urbanity, set chairs for the new comers, and proceeded to explain the object of the interview, which he said, was 'to endeavour to make amicable arrangements for the future continuance of the Gin-and-water hounds, either in the hands of one gentleman, or in those of a committee of management.' All the *pros* and *cons* were then discussed, Dumpling, Doleful, and Fleeceall, being the principal spokesmen, Smith and Barnaby occasionally putting in their observations and stutters, as to the hunt balls, ballots for members, uniforms, costs, charges, damages and expenses, which so frightened Fairlamb, as to make him decide against having any

thing whatever to do with the matter. Dumpling, however, thinking it would be very fine to be a master of fox-hounds, and trusting to the liberality of the visitors at the Spa for indemnifying him against material loss, was more determined than ever to be one of the committee, when Fair-lamb refused, as he foresaw little chance of his being associated with any other men of the country, and he gave in his adhesion with great readiness, and felt himself two inches taller on the moment. Everything was arranged very easily and satisfactorily, for Dumpling was too much elated with the honour to look minutely into risks. He tried one amendment.

Mr. Barnaby proposed, that the name of the pack should be changed from the 'Gin-and-water,' which was a low, vulgar, pot-house-sounding title, to that of the 'Handley-cross hounds.' Dumpling opposed this, on the ground that they should forfeit Michael Hardey's twenty pounds a year, which he had left to the support of the pack so long as it went by the old name, but upon Barnaby assuring him that the title was unpalatable to the aristocracy of the place, and that by changing it they would get more by additional subscriptions than the twenty pounds they should lose, Dumpling withdrew his opposition, and the pack was re-christened. Fleeceall then took a sheet of foolscap, and drew up the following resolution.

'Resolved, that the hounds heretofore known by the name of the Gin-and-water hounds, shall in future, be called the 'Handley-cross fox-hounds,' and be carried on by subscription, under the management and direction of Augustus Barnaby, Stephen Dumpling, and James Smith, Esqs. and that Walter Fleeceall, Esq. be appointed secretary and treasurer with a salary to be hereafter determined upon.

BOSTON'S GREAT RACE ON LONG ISLAND.

[We copy from the Spirit of the Times the following description of the great four mile race over the Union Course, Long Island, on the first of June. For the record of the meeting, see Racing Calendar.]

We have just returned from one of the most splendid races ever made on the American turf—a four mile race that for time is nearly equal to that of Eclipse and Henry, and which could have been run in two seconds less than their first heat! The day was excessively warm, but the track as fine as it could well be. The entries were Boston and Charles Carter. The former (whom we have described before) was in condition to run for a man's life—with a cheerful eye, and a coat like satin—a wonderful machine, instinct with life and action, upon which every attribute of nature and science had been lavished to bring it to its utmost perfection. Charles Carter, though not amiss, was not by any means up to the mark. He was brought here from Fredericksburg, Va., in three days, a distance of three hundred and fifteen miles, by steamboat and railroad, and arrived late on Monday night. He took a gallop on Tuesday, and was brushed on Thursday afternoon with Duane; it was

evident he had foot enough, but Mr. McCargo thought him too high, and such was the universal impression to-day; two days more work would have made him as fine as silk. He is a noble animal, of fine presence, about fifteen and a half hands high—a beautiful blood bay, without white, with black legs, mane, and tail. His head is prettily set on to his neck, which comes well out from broad oblique shoulders, the blades running well back; his eyes are prominent, and glowing with life, and his finely tapered ears are handsome, and set on wide apart, denoting unflinching game and courage. His chest is very deep and capacious, giving plenty of room for the action of the lungs; his back is somewhat long, yet arched a little over the fellets; he is of good length under the reach, and very well ribbed out, with moderately long and very heavy quarters; he stands clear and even upon a superb set of limbs, with a slight inclination of the pasterns; his tail is well set on, and he is very fine across the loins; the muscles of his thighs are large, and his thigh bones long and strong; altogether, he is one of the finest looking horses in the country, and entirely worthy of a stock that produced an O'Kelly and an Ariel. He was very well jockeyed by Mr. McCargo's Stephen, a light weight, carrying heavy pouches of shot on each thigh and around his waist. Boston had Cornelius up, his usual rider, and Jem Robinson, or Sam Day, could not have brought him home more gallantly. The odds were one hundred to twenty on Boston, and his friends very anxious to 'get on' at that price. Decatur would have been entered to-day, but was 'tried' with Mr. Livingston's Nassau on Thursday morning, and 'found wanting'; in fact, he is turned out till the fall.

The Race.—Charles Carter had the track, and went away at the tap of the drum a little in advance, under a strong pull, Boston waiting upon him, also in hand, about two lengths behind. Charles C. went to the half mile post in 55 seconds; they maintained this position to the straight side (just a quarter of a mile in length to the stand,) where Boston crept up a little nearer, as he did each mile, when they got into straight work, falling off a little round the semi-circles. The first mile was run in 1m. 51s., and the first half of the second mile in 58 seconds, Col. Johnson, as they passed the stand, bidding Cornelius '*pull him steady!*' Charles Carter came to the stand at the termination of the second mile over a clear length in advance, running it in 1m. 54s., both in hand, but going with a killing stroke, Carter's style of running being the easiest to our eye. '*Pull him steady!*' was again Napoleon's order at the stand, but at the quarter mile post Cornelius could hardly keep in check the irrepressible energies of the phenomenon under him; little Stephen, too, began to quake with his constant heavy pull, and giving the noble courser a lighter one, the pace mended, and the half mile was run in 55 seconds. Boston pressed him all the way down the backside to the hill, where he first lapped him, and they went over it like stones from a catapult in the olden time. Round the turn they come, nearly neck and neck, at a flight of speed—every moment the interest increases, both horses running on their courage without a touch of whip or spur; when they came to the stand, Charles Carter had his head in front, running the third mile in 1m. 51½s:

not a sound was heard in the breathless excitement of the moment, until, after they had passed the stand a few lengths, Col. Johnson's order to 'Take the track!' gave a thrill to the excited thousands on the stand. Giving the generous animal his head, seemed to impart to him new life and courage, 'nobly to justify his training;' with redoubled efforts he gallantly charged his unflinching rival, and his immense stride and strength told in an instant; half a dozen tremendous strokes brought him in front, and at the quarter mile post he led by three lengths; Charles Carter, who had never before started in a four mile race, seemed to sulk as he was passed, and gave up his stride as if he had let down. Stephen rammed in the spurs, and he soon recovered his action, but not until Boston was forty yards ahead, and pulled up into a hand gallop. As soon, however, as Charles Carter came on, Boston again set to work, and came home an easy winner, running the last mile in 2m. 3½s. and the heat in 7m. 40s., Charles Carter pulling up lame in his off fore leg, inside the distance stand. It was apparent, when the horse was stopped that the smaller leader or *flexor* of his off fore leg had given way, and Stephen, his rider, states it gave way in the last quarter of the third mile. He might have run the heat out in 7m. 40s. with ease, had he not broke down, and every turfman on the ground, is of opinion that Boston could have run the heat under 7m. 37s.—and many, two seconds less. The first and third miles were ran in 3m. 42½s., and the first three miles in 5m. 36½s.—the best time ever made in America by all odds. The race was officially timed by Mr. Robert L. Stevens, on the Club Stand, at whose side we stood to get the time of the different miles; several other gentlemen at his side who held watches agreed with him perfectly, and it is somewhat remarkable that the same time was reported by the gentleman who held the watch in the Judges' Stand. As a matter of easier reference, we give the time in another form:—

Time of first mile,	1m. 51s.
“ second mile,	1m. 54s.
“ third mile,	1m. 51½s.
“ fourth mile,	2m. 03½s.
Time of the heat,		7m. 40s.

Mr. McCargo was now obliged, by the condition of his horse, to withdraw him, and the purse was accordingly given up to Boston. In two hours after the race, Charles Carter had become quite lame; his leg was considerably swollen, and it was plain to all who visited him at his stable, that he bore no weight upon it. We regret having to convey intelligence so disastrous to his spirited owner, Mr. Symmes, of Virginia, but are strongly in hopes his horse may yet recover to 'fight his battles o'er again.' Should he never make another, his race to-day will give his name a place in the annals of the American Turf, that might be envied by the best horses this country has ever produced.

It would have materially added to the interest of the contest had Decatur made the third entry; the time, we are persuaded, would have been better by four or five seconds, for it is the belief of several who have

seen his trials that nothing short of Eclipse and Henry's time can beat him. No less a sum than fifteen thousand dollars has been refused for him. Boston now stands alone in his glory; compliments would be thrown away on him or the stable from whence he comes 'to fright the souls of fearful adversaries;' therefore, once more congratulating his friends on the bright laurels he has won, we conclude with the fervent hope that

'When he next doth run a race may we be there to see!'

PREPARATION FOR PASTURING.

Grooms are much in the habit of giving the horse a dose or two of physic before sending him to grass. I do not think that any is necessary, yet it appears to do no harm. Physic, they say, prevents the corn from fighting with the grass; but this is a nonsensical theory. The horse may have tumid legs, or some other thing the matter with him, and for that physic may be useful. It would be so, whether the horse went to grass or remained at home. But so far as the mere change of diet and lodging is concerned, physic is quite unnecessary. To prepare the horse for exposure to the weather, the clothing to which he has been accustomed is lightened, and then entirely removed a week or two before turning out. The temperature of the stable is gradually reduced, till it be as cool as the external air. These precautions are most necessary for horses that have been much in the stable, and particularly in a warm stable. If the horse go out at the end of summer, or in autumn, he should go before his winter coat is on. If its growth be completed in the stable, its subsequent increase may not be sufficient to keep the horse warm. In autumn he should not go out while moulting. For eight or ten days previous he should not be groomed. The dust and perspiration which accumulate upon the hair, seem in some measure to protect the skin from rain and from flies. The feet should be dressed, and the grass shoes, or plates, applied a week before turning out. If injured by the nails, the injury will be apparent before much mischief is done. At grass it might not be noticed so soon. On the day of going out, the horse should be fed as usual. If he go to grass when very hungry, he may eat too much. Indigestion will be the result, and next morning the horse will be found dead. Weather permitting, night is usually chosen for the time of turning out. The horse is not so apt to gallop about. Let loose in the day-time, many are disposed to gallop till they lame themselves, and to try the fences. In autumn, or early in spring, the stable preparation for grass is often insufficient. If the horse be tender, or the weather unsettled or cold, he may require to be taken home every night for, perhaps, the first week. For eight or ten days longer, it may be proper to house him on very wet or stormy nights. If there be no sheds in the field, it is an act of charity to bring the horse home when there is snow on the ground. The stable assigned to him should always be cool, not so cold as the external air, but never so warm as if he were accustomed to it.—*Stewart's Stable Economy.*

HISTORICAL NOTICES OF THE DOG.

From the earliest ages to which human records extend, the dog has been the useful servant, and in most countries the humble friend and companion of man, both in his savage and civilized state. The constitution of the dog, like that of man, adapts itself to every variety of climate. On the great American continent he is to be found from within the Polar circle to the Straits of Magellan; and in the old world the breed extends from the Cape of Good Hope to Siberia. The difference of heat and cold produces a marked change in the appearance of the dog as well as in the colour of the human species; for while the Greenland dog is provided with a thick fur-like covering, the dog of Southern Africa is almost wholly devoid of hair. The bull-dog, so courageous in Britain, when transported to a warm climate loses in a great degree his former spirit, and in the course of two or three descents becomes degenerate, altered both in temper and in form.

Among the ancient Hebrews the dog does not appear to have been held in much esteem, for he is scarcely ever alluded to either in the Old or New Testament, except as a degraded object. In the institutions of Moses, the price of a dog, as an abomination of the Lord, was forbidden to be offered in the sanctuary in discharge of a vow. 'Am I a *dog* that thou comest to me with staves?' said Goliath to David, to express his indignation at the small esteem in which his prowess was held by his youthful adversary; and the fate of Ahab and Jezebel is rendered more appalling from the circumstance of their blood being licked by an animal so despised as a dog. The only favourable allusion to the dog in the whole of the Old Testament is to be met with in Proverbs; where it is mentioned as one of the things which are comely in going: 'A lion which is strongest among beasts, and turneth not away from any; a greyhound; also an he goat.' It may be observed here, that the word translated by an 'he goat,' would be perhaps more correctly rendered by 'an antelope;' and a fourth example given by Solomon, certainly admits of many exceptions. The apocryphal character of the book of Tobit, in addition to other internal evidence, is further established by the circumstance of a dog being described as accompanying Tobit on his journey when attended by the angel; a companionship utterly inaccordant with the opinions of the Jews. In the New Testament, in the sermon on the Mount, dogs and swine, both abominations of the children of Israel, are used to denote the utterly perverse and depraved; and Peter employs a proverb derived from a filthy propensity of the animal, to express the difficulty of correcting evil habits. The aversion of this people to so faithful and useful an animal, arose from its being so liable to the mange, or canine leprosy, a disorder resembling that to which they themselves were particularly subject; and which appears to have prevailed amongst them to so great and so serious a degree, that its symptoms were to be ascertained, and its cure effected according to a formula having all the authority of a divine law. The dislike of the ancient Hebrews appears to be

inherited by their descendants, for seldom is the dog to be seen as the companion of a Jew of the present day, or to be found as an inmate of his dwelling.

With the ancient Egyptians, whose manners, customs, and opinions were frequently the reverse of those of their Israelitish bondmen, the dog was an object of veneration; and the artists,—the Landseers and Coopers of the era of Sesostriis and Pharaoh,—who excelled in its delineation were held in great esteem. Anubis, one of their divinities, is represented with a dog's head, though from what reason those learned men who have always most to say when there is least to be known, are not agreed. One instance may serve as a fair sample of their conjectures and reasoning on such subjects: 'Anubis is represented under the form of a man with a dog's head, *because* when Osiris went on his expedition against India, Anubis accompanied him and clothed himself in a *sheep's* skin.' The hackney-coachman's attendant accounted for his being called a 'water-man,' *because* he 'opened and shut the doors of the coaches.'

The dogs of Egypt were remarkable in ancient times for their cowardice, and a more arrant breed of mongrel curs than that which at present infests Cairo is hardly to be found. The Egyptian dog when he drank of the Nile, was said to run as he lapped for fear of the crocodile. An animal with a sharp snout resembling a greyhound, and having a bushy tail like that of a fox, is frequently to be seen painted on mummy chests and sculptured on the remains of ancient Egyptian art, and is sometimes mistaken for a dog, though in reality it is intended to represent a species of jackal. The real dog is usually to be distinguished, in such monuments, by his pendant ears and square conformation of jaw, and is altogether not unlike the old English hound. The Egyptians worshipped Anubis under the form of a dog, and Mr. Bruce supposes this divinity to be the same with Sirius or the dog-star. The Nile, above Egypt, was anciently called Siris, which in those countries, as we are informed by the same author, signifies a dog; and it is probable that the star derived its name from some observation connected with its appearance and the periodical overflowing of the Siris or Nile. When a dog died in any house the family went into the deepest mourning. Plutarch mentions that in his time the inhabitants of two cities in Egypt quarrelled on account of the different objects of their worship. The Oxyrynchites, or pike worshippers, indignant that the Cynopolitans, or dog-worshippers, should eat of that species of fish, caught the dogs of the latter and killed them, and even ate of them as at a sacrifice. Hence arose a civil war, which was only ended by the Romans interfering and punishing both parties.

Among the ancient Hindoos, whose religious observances in many instances bear a striking resemblance to the laws of Moses, the dog, as with the Hebrews, was an object of aversion. A Bramin was forbidden to read the Veda, one of the sacred books of the Hindoos, while dogs barked or howled, and if one of those animals passed between a teacher and his pupil during the period of instruction, the lecture was to be intermitted for a day and a night. The efficacy of offerings to the gods was believed to be destroyed by the presence of a dog, in consequence of the

evil glance of his eye; and a dog was not to behold a Bramin eating. A Hindoo touched by a dog was defiled, not so much from mere contact with the animal form, as from a belief that it was animated by a wicked and malignant spirit, condemned to do penance in that shape for crimes committed in a previous state of existence. By the institutes of Menu, the lowest of the degraded cast of Soodra, whose office was to bury those who died without kindred, were not to live within a town, their clothes were to be the garments of the deceased, they were not to have the use of a whole vessel, and their sole wealth was to consist of dogs and asses.

In the Mythology of Greece and Rome, much of which was derived from the Egyptians, allusions are made to a dog said to have been formed of brass and animated by Vulcan, by whom it was presented to Jupiter, whose epithet of *κυνηγέτης*, or the hunter, is derived from his being accompanied by that animal. Cerberus, a three-headed dog, is the guardian of the entrance to the infernal regions, and a dog was sacrificed by the Greeks to Hecate or the Diana of the nether world. Dogs were kept with peculiar care in the temple of Esculapius, who was supposed to have been fed with their milk, but were prohibited to enter the island of Delos, consecrated as the birth-place of Diana and Apollo, and celebrated for the temple of the latter. A dog belonging to Hercules, by eating of a kind of shell-fish on the sea-shore and staining his mouth with a peculiar fluid which the fish contained, occasioned the discovery of the far-famed Syrian dye. The Romans sacrificed a dog to Pan on the celebration of the Lupercalia; and the Flamen Dialis, or high priest of Jupiter, had to avoid being touched by one of those animals.

Though the figure of Diana attended by a dog is sometimes to be seen on ancient medals, yet it is believed that this representation is chiefly to be met with on coins struck towards the decline of the Roman empire. On the medals of ancient Greece and on those of the first Roman emperors, the figure of Diana so attended is rarely, if ever, to be found. Diana was indeed popularly regarded as the goddess of hunting, but divine honours were paid to her in a much higher and more mysterious character,—that of the goddess of nature, whose influence extended to every world. Hence she was worshipped as the tri-form goddess under the name of Luna, Diana, and Hecate, having power in heaven, on earth, and in Hell. The fable of Actæon, who was changed into a stag and devoured by his own hounds as a punishment for his having seen Diana bathing, perhaps alludes to the fate of some prying inquirer who ventured to explore the mysteries of her worship. The Romans sometimes placed a small bronze figure of a mastiff or watch-dog among their penates or household gods, as expressive of their peculiar influence and office, the protection of the house. A small figure of this kind is to be seen among the penates preserved in the British Museum.

From ancient writers we learn that in private life the dog was much valued by the Greeks and Romans, by whom he was employed and treated much in the same manner as he is in Europe at the present time. The shepherd used him to guard his flocks and herds, and the citizen to watch his house and preserve his property from thieves. Dogs, as at

present, were bred and trained with great care to the chase; they accompanied their masters when they walked abroad, and the delicate little lap-dog was a favourite with the ladies. 'Learned' dogs displayed their tricks such as we now see them exhibit in booths at a fair, and it is probable that dogs were employed both in Athens and Rome to assist in drawing a truck or light carriage, in a manner similar to what we now observe in London; a practice not of very recent introduction into this country, for it appears to have been known in the reign of Queen Mary. The talents of the most eminent artists were engaged to perpetuate the likeness of a favourite dog; while of such, poets sang the praises and composed the epitaph.

One of the finest specimens of ancient sculpture which has come down to modern times, is the figure of a dog, generally called the dog of Alcibiades, and supposed to be the production of Myron, a statuary famed among the ancients for his admirable representations of animals. It was brought to this country from Italy about sixty years ago by a person of the name of Jennings, who sold it for a large sum, £1,000, it is said, to one of the Duncombe family. It is now in the possession of Lord Feversham, and forms one of the chief ornaments of the hall at Duncombe house. The dog is seated on his hind quarters, as if looking towards his master, and nothing can exceed his truly natural expression, or the correctness of his attitude and form. Some writers have described the figure as that of a mastiff, but it certainly bears little resemblance to the dog known in England by that name, being much more like the Newfoundland dog, though not so shaggy nor so thick and short in the neck. There is in the British Museum a beautiful group of a couple of greyhounds, which modern art may have imitated, but has not equalled, much less excelled.

In ancient writers, many of whose relations are however to be received with considerable abatements and qualifications, it is surprising how great a number of instances are recorded of the sagacity, courage, and fidelity of the dog, many of which are almost identical with modern anecdotes of the same animal. In the *Odyssey*, the discovery of Ulysses after his long absence, by his old and faithful dog Argus, is beautifully related; and in 'Old Mortality,' the production of that mighty modern, Sir Walter Scott, the circumstance of Henry Morton, on his visit to Alice Wilson, being recognized by the dog, is most naturally and admirably introduced. A story is told of a dog presented to Alexander the Great which seized a lion and retained his hold, though his four legs were cut off in succession. An anecdote, not widely different from this, is related by Goldsmith, of a person who betted a wager, and won it, that he would cut off the four legs of his dog which even in that condition would attack the bull. In Plutarch there is an account of the discovery of a murder, in consequence of the dog of the person killed attacking the murderer, in a manner similar to what is related by Montfaucon and others, of the dog of Aubri de Montedidier seizing his assassin, the Chevalier Macaire. The principal facts of this latter event are well known to the British public from the dramatic piece called the 'Forest of Bondy,' so frequently represented, a few years

ago, on almost every stage in the kingdom. A dog belonging to Eupolis, the poet, was famed for his sagacity and attachment to his master. Having one day observed a dishonest servant taking his master's money, he flew upon him and killed him; and the same dog, on his master's decease, was so much affected that he refused all food, and was found dead upon his master's tomb. Euripides the tragic writer, when residing at the court of Archelaus, king of Macedonia, was discovered in one of his solitary walks by the dogs of that monarch on their return from the chase, and torn in pieces by them before he could receive assistance. Aelian relates that one of the dogs of Archelaus having strayed into Thrace was there killed by the people, which coming to the knowledge of the king he imposed a fine upon them and threatened them with his displeasure. The Thracians, knowing the influence of Euripides with the king, endeavoured to appease his anger through the poet's mediation, and the dogs, as if aware of his agency in excusing the fault of the Thracians, tore him in pieces through revenge. It is related as more probable, that they were set on by two poets who were jealous of his fame. Heraclitus, the crying philosopher, having reduced himself so much in consequence of his austerities that a dropsy ensued, endeavoured to effect a cure by rubbing his body with suet and exposing himself on a dunghill to the warmth of the sun. He was discovered one day while enjoying his usual *siesta* by a number of dogs, 'which tore him to pieces,' says an ancient writer, 'for the sake of the fat.' A memorable warning through all time for greasy people to avoid the presence of a pack of hounds. The works of Roman authors, both in poetry and prose, abound with allusions to the dog, and in particular the writings of Martial, who appears to have been a great admirer of the species, for he never writes with greater ease than when he is recording their praises.

The dogs of Britain have been celebrated from an early period. The ancient Britons, it appears, employed them in war; and British dogs, probably of the species now called bull-dogs, were in great repute at Rome on account of their courage, and were matched against wild beasts in the amphitheatre. Gratius, Oppian, and Nemesian, ancient writers who have treated on the chase, speak of British dogs as excellent in hunting; though translators and commentators, whose only knowledge of the animal seems to have been derived from their lexicons, have rendered it extremely doubtful in their explanations what kind of dog is meant. Oppian, who gives rather a particular description of them, says they are called by the natives 'Agasæos,' and upon this word the learned pack open, and the dogs meant are pronounced to be Gaze hounds. Gaze, from 'Agasæos,' an excellent derivation truly; but until some sedentary commentators introduced the term, who ever heard of the Gaze hound, or could tell, after they had coined it, what kind of dog was meant? It is a greyhound, says one; another as confidentially informs us that it is a beagle; and a third declares it to be a lurcher; though any person of plain sense, and not encumbered with an ass's load of learning, may perceive that the description applies to none of those breeds.

From the brief character which Gratius, who lived in the Augustan

age, gives of the British dog, it is highly probable that he means the same kind as that more fully described by Oppian. The latter author lived in the reign of Caracalla, who is said to have been a great admirer of his works, and to have been so much pleased with his 'Cynegetica,' or the chase, as to give him a piece of gold for every line. Caracalla, who was a lover of the chase, spent several years in Britain, where he would have frequent opportunities of judging of the excellence of those dogs; and it is not unlikely that he might bring some of them with him upon his return to Rome, from which Oppian might take his description. The poet speaks of them thus: 'there is, besides, an excellent kind of scenting dogs, though small, yet worthy of estimation. They are bred by the fierce nation of painted Britons, who call them Agasæos. In size they resemble worthless greedy house-dogs that gape under tables. They are crooked, lean, coarse-haired, and heavy-eyed, but armed with powerful claws and deadly teeth. The Agasæos is of good nose, and most excellent in following a scent.'

Gratius says of British dogs, that they have no pretensions to the deceitful commendation of form, but at the time of need when courage is required, the most excellent mastiffs are not to be preferred to them. Nemesian, who lived about eighty years after Oppian, and wrote upon the same subject, calls the dogs of Britain 'veloces,'—fleet—a character which does not apply to those mentioned by the two former writers; but this author is of no authority, for his work bears evidence of being a mere hearsay compilation, strung together in very indifferent verse. If we bear in mind the animals, the wolf and the wild boar, which were the chief objects of the Roman chase, and look at Gratius comparing British dogs for their courage with mastiffs, together with Oppian's description of their sullen eyes, short, meagre body, (which is more obvious from the size of the head,) and powerful jaws, it seems highly probable that the animal meant was a bull-dog, for the excellence of which our island excels every other country.

There is a dog called Vertragus, or Vertagus, by Latin authors, for which etymological acuteness has found a name, at least, among British dogs; the thing, when this important discovery is made, with knowing and learned men always follows of course. As there is some resemblance in the word (though plainly not a Latin one,) to 'Vertigo,'—a whirling or turning round—we are told that the dog is a 'tumbler,' and that he amuses his prey by 'tumbling,' until he comes near enough to seize it. The absurdity of this account is only to be equalled by the simplicity of writers who have admitted it into their works without note or observation, for it is to be found in almost every publication treating of dogs, from the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the gaze hound was also discovered, to the present day. Those who place any reliance in such ridiculous and unfounded descriptions, may as well receive in perfect good faith the account of a breed of watch dogs, whose vigilance was such, that they were accustomed to sleep with one eye open. After the description of the 'tumbler,' one is almost led to suspect that the old fowling maxim that teaches 'how alle manere of birdes, bothe of the lande and water, may

bee taken by sliely puttyng a lyttle salte upon theire tayles,' had been originally communicated and received as a secret worth knowing.

The molossus, or mastiff, of antiquity, as seen in ancient sculptures, bears not much resemblance, except in point of size, to the dog known at present in Britain by that name, but is almost identical in form and appearance with the Alpine mastiff, a breed which is so usefully employed by the monks of St. Bernard, to afford assistance to the storm-bewildered traveller of the Alps. The hunting dog is mostly represented with a somewhat sharp muzzle, large jaws, ears rather pointed, and body rather thin, with strong muscular legs; and altogether like what might be supposed to be the produce of the foxhound and the Irish greyhound. A dog of this description, with the molossus and greyhound, is of most frequent occurrence on ancient marble vases; where, so far as the writer's observation extends, the bull-dog, the lurcher, the terrier, and the modern shepherd's dog, are never to be seen. The character of dogs, whose names are derived from the service which they are employed in, is constantly changing with circumstances and the varying state of society. The shepherd's dog of antiquity, which had to guard the flock from the wolf, was remarkable for its fierceness and strength, and bore no more resemblance to the modern shepherd's dog of this country than a foxhound does to a turn-spit; and as the labours of the last variety are superseded by the smoke-jack, (another instance of the progress of machinery,) the cook's canine assistant is likely in future to be remembered only from the name.

[New Sporting Magazine.

A RIVAL FOR JONATHAN.—A friend of Mr. Jorrocks, living on the Surrey Hills, near Goldstone, states that being much in want of a hare for a friend, and having made several unsuccessful shots during the day, he was about to return home, when finding a hare in her form, the would-be sportsman was determined to make himself master of her, but, to his dismay, his shot was all gone. He applied to a cobbler living near for a charge, but without success. The old man observed that he could make him up a ball of wax. No sooner said than done. He returned to the side of the hill, (puss still in her seat,) he fired, hit her on the head, which only stunned her; she jumped up and started down the hill. The report alarmed another hare at the bottom, which, starting upwards, ran against her head with such force, that on the shooter's descending, he found them both sticking together, and thus was enabled to oblige two friends.—*Ib.*

So very plentiful is fish in the river Wye, (Eng.) in the neighbourhood of Builth, that Stephen Prichard, fishing-tackle maker, of that town, caught, on Tuesday, April 10, in the course of four hours, no less than one hundred and forty-three grayling, trout, and salmon-pink; and in five hours on the day following, two hundred and twenty-five fish of the same description.—*Ib.*

RACING CALENDAR.

FAIRFIELD (Va.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, May 1, 1838.

First day, Produce Stakes of \$500 each, h. f.; six subscribers; three 'came to taw.'

Wm. L. White's ch. f. Betsey Coleman, by Goliah, out of Melinda,	1	1
Richard Adams' ch. c. by Timoleon, dam by Sir William,	2	2
John W. Brockenbrough's gr. f. by Timoleon, out of the dam of Westwood,	3	3

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 56s. A good race. Track rather heavy.

The poststake for three year olds was compromised, and consequently did not come off.

Second day, stakes of \$300 each; five subscribers; mile heats; three started.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. by imp. Fylde, out of the dam of Charles Carter,	2	1	1
John S. Corbin's b. c. by imp. Luzborough, out of the dam of Buceaneer,	1	2	2
W. L. White's ch. c. Jack Pendleton, by Goliah, out of Philip's dam, by Trafalgar,			dis.

Time, 1m. 52½s.—1m. 56s.—1m. 57s.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three year olds, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner; colts, 86lbs.; fillies, 83lbs.; fifteen subscribers, at \$150 each, \$100 ft.; mile heats.

Edmund Townes' b. f. by Sarpedon,	1	1
Wm. D. Talley's b. c. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles,	3	2
Wm. R. Johnson's br. c. by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Sir Charles,	4	3
John M. Botts' gr. f. by Gohanna, dam by Medley,	2	4
Boling Vaughan's ch. c. by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles,	5	5

Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 55s.

Third day, Proprietor's purse \$300; free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. Duane, four years old, by imp. Hedgeford, dam by Washington,	1	1
T. P. Hare's ch. c. Chifney, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Archy,	4	2
John S. Corbin's ch. c. Tom Walker, four years old, by Marylander, dam by Rattler,	2	3
Jas. P. Corbin's ch. m. Va. Timberlake, six years old, by Sir Charles, out of Betsey Robinson,	3	4
Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. Milwaukie, five years old, by Bertrand, out of Rowena, by Sumpter,	0	5
J. Early's b. f. Prim, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Sir William,	5	0

Time, 3m. 57s.—3m. 54s.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse, \$500, no discount; free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

Gen. Harvey's br. h. six years old, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles,	1	1
James P. Corbin's ch. h. Trio, six years old, by Timoleon, dam by Trafalgar,	3	2
Wm. McCargo's ch. h. Genito, five years old, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham,	2	3
J. P. White's ch. m. Sophia, five years old, by Redgauntlet, out of Clara Fisher,	4	4

Time not given.

Fifth day, purse \$200; free for all ages; weights as before; two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's ch. m. sister to Genito, by Eclipse, dam by Pack-			
enham,	4	1	1
Dr. Semple's ch. c. four years old, by Standard, dam by Sir Archy,	2	2	2
John S. Corbin's b. c. by imp. Luzborough,	1	3	4
E. J. Wilson's b. h. Sligo, five years old, by Timoleon,	3	dr.	
Time, 3m. 55½s.—3m. 57s.—3m. 59s. Track rather heavy.			

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

BROAD ROCK (Va.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, April 24, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 86lbs. fillies 83lbs. seven subscribers at \$200 each, h. f. Mile heats.

Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. Jack Pendleton, by Goliah, out of Philip's			
dam, by Trafalgar,	1	1	
Capt. John S. Corbin's b. c. by imp. Luzborough, out of the dam of			
Buccaneer,	3	2	
John M. Botts' b. f. own sister to Tobacconist,	4	3	
W. D. Tally's b. c. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles,	2	4	
E. B. Hicks' b. f. by imp. Fylde, dam by Arab,	5	5	
Wm. Eaton's br. c. by Andrew, dam by Sir Archy,			pd. ft.
Col. Wm. Wynn's ch. f. by imp. Luzborough, out of Fanny Wyatt's			
dam,			pd. ft.
Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 54½s.			

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies out of untried mares; weights as before; ten subscribers at \$150 each, h. f. Mile heats.

Edmund Townes' ch. c. Brocklesby, by imp. Luzborough, dam by			
Roanoke,	2	1	1
Dr. George Goodwyn's br. c. by Sarpedon, dam by Timoleon,	5	2	2
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. f. Sally Harris, by Goliah, dam by Tariff,	3	3	3
Wm. D. Tally's ch. f. by Timoleon, dam by Virginian,	4	5	4
Isaac H. Oliver's b. c. by imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian,	6	6	dis.
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. c. by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Sir			
Archy,	1	4	dr.
John M. Botts' gr. f. by Gohanna, dam by Medley,	7	dr.	
Carter H. Edloe, John S. Corbin, and Williamson & Settle, paid forfeit.			
Time, 1m. 54½s.—1m. 54½s.—2m. ½s.			

Second day, Proprietor's purse \$250, free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's (Maj. N. T. Green's) br. c. Duane, four years old, by			
imp. Hedgeford, dam by Washington,	1	1	
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. four years old, by Eclipse,	2	2	
Capt. John S. Corbin's ch. c. Tom Walker, four years old, by Mary-			
lander, dam by Ratler,	5	3	
John M. Botts' b. m. Molly Cottontail, six years old, by Gohanna,	4	4	
Henry Maclin's ch. c. Engine, four years old, by Sir Charles,	3	5	
E. J. Wilson's b. c. Sligo, four years old, by Timoleon,	6	6	
Time, 3m. 54s.—3m. 57s.			

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$500, free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

John Early's (Gen. Harvey's) br. h. John Lindsay, six years old, by			
Timoleon,	1	1	
Ed. J. Wilson's ch. h. Mediator, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by			
Napoleon,	2	2	
Thos. Taliaferro's b. h. Orphan Boy, six years old, by Gohanna, dam			
by Tom Tough,	3	3	
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. c. four years old, by Lance,	4	dis.	
Time, 5m. 56s.—5m. 54s.			

Orphan Boy broke down in the second heat.

[Ibid.

CYNTHIANA (Ky.) RACES.

Commenced on Wednesday, May 2, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes, purse \$70, mile heats.

William Palmer's b. f. Vanity, four years old, by Traveller, 97lbs.	1	1
John Shawhan's ch. m. Polly Hopkins, five years old, by Cherokee, dam by Pantaloon, 107lbs.	2	2
Alexander Miller's b. g. by Sidi Hamet, dam by Wonder, 83lbs.	dis.	

Second day, Stallion stakes, purse \$80, two mile heats.

William Palmer's b. c. by Woodpecker,	1	1
Alexander Miller's b. c. by Sidi Hamet,	2	dis.

Third day.—No race, in consequence of unceasing rain.

Fourth day, purse \$95, mile heats, best three in five.

Aquila Palmer's gr. c. Hardheart, four years old, by Buckelk, dam by Quicksilver, 100lbs.	1	1	1*
Jos. Shawhan's ch. h. Ben Sutton, by Cherokee, dam by Comet, 110lbs.	2	2	2
Alexander Miller's b. f. Betsey Bedlam, four years old, by Cherokee, dam by Wonder, 97lbs.	dis.		

Owing to the heavy rains which lasted during the whole meeting, rendering the track ankle deep in mud, no time is given.

HOBOKEN (N. J.) RACES.

Second Spring Meeting over the Beacon course commenced on Wednesday, June 6, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes, free for all ages; three year olds, 90lbs.; four year olds, 104lbs.; five year olds, 114lbs.; six year olds, 121lbs.; aged, 126lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings; three subscribers at \$50 each, p. p. and \$100 added by the proprietors; two mile heats.

Maj. William Jones' b. c. Gracchus, four years old, by Sir Lovel, out of Eleanor, by Eclipse,	1	1
Daniel Abbott's b. m. Shepherdess, six years old, by Lance, out of Amanda, by Revenge,	2	2
A. L. Botts' ch. f. Margaret Ridgely, four years old, by Eclipse, out of Phillis, by Sir Archy,	dis.	

Time, 4m. 7s.—4m. 20s. Run during a very heavy shower.

Second day, purse \$500; free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's (Capt. D. H. Branch's) b. m. Atalanta, six years old, by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood, by Ratler,	1	1
Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. h. Bergen, five years old, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace, by Sir Archy,	2	2
Robert L. Stevens' ch. h. Tom Moore, aged, by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh, by Gabriel Oscar,	dis.	

Time, 6m. 9s.—6m. 7s. Track very heavy.

Third day, purse \$300; free for all ages; weights as before; two mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's (Asher P. Hamlin's) b. c. Suffolk, four years old, by Andrew, out of Ostrich, by Eclipse, the dam of Decatur, Tarquin, &c.	1	1
Willet McCoun's (Henry Fenner's) b. h. Rienzi, five years old, by Paul Clifford, out of Kate Kearney, by Henry,	2	2

Time, 3m. 54½s.—4m. 5½s. Track heavy.

Second race, same day, purse \$1,000; free for all ages; weights as before; four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. Boston, five years old, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam, by Ball's Florizel,	2	1	1
Wm. McCargo's (N. T. Green's) b. c. Duane, four years old, by imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington, by Washington,	1	2	2

Time, 7m. 52s.—7m. 54s.—8m. 30s. Track heavy.

* Pronounced distanced by reason of improper riding.

Third race, same day, purse \$100; free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Arthur Taylor's) b. f. Jane Rowlett, four years old, by Nullifier, out of Jemima, (Job's dam,) by Ratler,	3	1	1
Daniel Abbott's ch. m. Shepherdess, six years old, by Lance, out of Amanda, by Revenge,	2	2	2
Willet McCoun's ch. c. Jack Andrew, four years old, by Andrew, dam by Pacolet,	1	3	3

Time, 1m. 50½s.—1m. 54s.—1m. 55s. Track heavy.

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH (Va.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, June 6, 1838.

First day, in consequence of the heavy rains the race did not come off, but was postponed to third day.

Second day, proprietor's purse \$200, two mile heats.

James S. Garrison's (Dr. Robert B. Starke's) b. c. Stockton, four years old, by Eclipse, dam Iris, by Sir Archy,	1	1
James J. Harrison's ch. f. Eliza Garrison, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Napoleon,	2	dr.
Robert Winn's b. f. Victoria, four years old, by Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy,		dis.

Time, 4m. 5s.

N. B. Capt. Harrison's filly was taken lame in the second mile of the first heat, which was the cause of her being drawn. The track was uncommonly heavy, owing to the rains of the previous day.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$400, three mile heats.

James S. Garrison's bl. h. Cippus, six years old, by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony,	1	1
Arthur Taylor, Sr's b. h. Harbinger, four years old, by Luzborough, dam Virginia Taylor,	2	2

Time, 6m. 9s.—6m. 17s.

Second race, same day, a splendid Silver Pitcher, mile heats.

James S. Garrison's ch. f. Sally Bertrand, four years old, by Bertrand, Jr. dam Sally Hornet,	1	1
Ed. J. Wilson's b. f. three years old, by Ivanhoe, dam Reputation,	3	2
James J. Harrison's b. f. Polly Hencock, four years old, by Marion,	2	dis.

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 53s.

Fourth day, purse \$100, mile heats, best three in five.

James S. Garrison's b. c. Scipio, four years old, by Zinganee, dam by Sir Archy,	1	1	1
J. J. Harrison's b. f. three years old, by Monsieur Tonson,	2	2	dis.
Robert Winn's b. c. Sardosa, three years old, by imp. Yeaman, dam by Sir Archy,	3	dis.	

Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 52s.—1m. 49s.

The last mile was run in quicker time by Scipio, than has ever been done by any other horse since the track was lengthened to a full mile. F.

MAURY COUNTY (Tenn.) RACES.

The Maury County Spring Races commenced on Wednesday, May 9, 1838, and continued four days.

First day, \$50 entrance, h. f. seven entered, mile heats, only one nag appeared on the track.

F. Zollicoffer's b. f. by Stockholder, dam by Sir Archy, three years old, 83lbs. walked round and took the purse.

Same day, sweepstakes, \$25 entrance, h. f. one mile out.

H. R. Robards' (R. K. Polk's) gr. g.	1
Thomas S. Smith's gr. g.	2
Thomas Goodrum's ch. g.	3

Time, 2m. 2½s.

Second day, \$100 entrance, p. p. mile heats.

Henry Smith's gr. f. Elizabeth Banton, three years old, by Stockholder, dam by Eagle, 83lbs. 2 1 1

L. J. Polk's b. c. three years old, by Stockholder, dam by Madison, 86lbs. 1 2 2

L. P. Cheatham's gr. f. three years old, by Merlin, dam by Pacolet, 83lbs. 3 dis.

Time, 1m. 59s.—1m. 55s.—2m. 1s.

Third day, \$100 entrance, p. p. mile heats.

Wilkerson Barnes' ch. c. Mark Pillow, three years old, by Scroggins, dam by Conqueror, 4 1 1

Henry Smith's b. c. Otho Williams, three years old, by Jefferson, dam by Stockholder, 83lbs. 3 4 2

Thomas N. Williams' b. f. three years old, by Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 83lbs. 1 2 3

L. J. Polk's b. f. three years old, by Scroggins, dam by Arab, 83lbs. 2 3 dr.

Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 58s.—2m.

Fourth day, proprietor's purse \$150, with the entrance to be added, free for any horse, mare or gelding, \$20 entrance, mile heats, two nags contended.

L. J. Polk's br. c. three years old, by Stockholder, dam by Madison, 86lbs. 1 1

W. H. Boddie's b. f. Wild Irish Girl, three years old, by Leviathan, dam Miss Tonson, 83lbs. 2 2

Time, 1m. 58s.—1m. 59s.

CHILLICOTHE ASSOCIATION COURSE (Ohio) RACES.

Monday, May 14, 1838, (the day preceding the regular races,) a sweepstakes, \$100 entrance, free for any colt or filly raised in the state of Ohio, one mile and repeat.

James Pryor's ch. c. Ben Franklin, three years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Franklin Beauty, 1 1

J. McNeill's ch. c. Bolivar, three years old, by George, dam by St. Tammany, 2 2

J. G. Harley's br. c. Broken Sword, three years old, - - - dis.

Time, 2m.—1m. 59s.

First day, Tuesday, May 15, colts' purse \$100, one mile heats.

James Pryor's ch. c. Ben Franklin, three years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Franklin Beauty, 2 1 1

Eli P. Bentley's ch. f. Gleam, three years old, by Bertrand, 1 2 2

Jeremiah Miner's bl. c. Black Flag, three years old, by Flag of Truce, dam by imp. Knowsley, 3 dis.

Wm. Palmer's br. f. Miss Star, three years old, by Star, - dis.

Time, 1m. 56½s.—1m. 57s.—2m. 4s.

Second day, purse \$100, three mile heats.

Wm. Palmer's br. c. Hardheart, four years old, by Buckelk, 1 1

Jeremiah Miner's b. f. Jeannie Deans, three years old, by Bertrand, dam by imp. Knowsley, 2 2

Time, 6m. 56s.—6m. 10s.

Third day, purse \$100, two mile heats.

J. G. Harley's bl. f. Black Maria, four years old, by Wehawk, dam by Rockingham, 1 1

Wm. Palmer's b. f. Vanity, three years old, by Traveller, 3 2

H. Jefford's (J. V. Cunningham's) b. h. Partnership, six years old, by Star, 2 dis.

Time, 4m. 10s.—4m. 1s.

Fourth day, mile heats, best three in five.

Nathan Weatherby's b. m. Lady Hope, five years old, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 1 1 1

E. P. Bentley's ch. f. Gleam, three years old, by Bertrand, 3 2 2

Harrison Waller's b. f. Jeannie Deans, three years old, by Bertrand, 4 3 3
 dam by imp. Knowsley, 2 dis.
 John G. Harley's br. c. Cornplanter, four years old, by Wehawk, 2 dis.
 Henry Jefford's ch. f. three years old, cold blooded, dis.
 Time, 2m. 4s.—2m. 4s.—2m. 5s.

Second race, same day, subscription purse, \$71, raised by the members of the club and a few bystanders, was run for by six horses. This was contended for by such horses as had not won a purse this meeting, catch weights, mile heats.

Wm. Palmer's b. f. Vanity, three years old, by Traveller, 1 1
 J. V. Cunningham's b. h. Scioto Ranger, by Star, 4 2
 A. Doggett's c. b. Tiptop, by Regulus, 2 dis.
 H. Waller's bl. c. Black Flag, three years old, by Flag of Truce, dam
 by imp. Knowsley, 3 dis.
 James Davis' bl. c. Black Jim, by Tariff, dam by Democrat, 5 dis.
 E. P. Bentley's gr. f. fell, and was dis.

W. MARSHALL ANDERSON, Sec'y.

GREENSBORO' (Ala.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, May 15, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 86lbs. fillies 83lbs.; four subscribers at \$100 each, h. f.; mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's ch. c. by Andrew, dam by Arab, - walked over.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three year olds; weights as before; six subscribers at \$300 each, h. f.; mile heats.

Dr. Irwin Stith's b. c. Ned Johnson, by Andrew, dam by Sir Peter, 0 1 1
 Dr. R. W. Withers' br. f. by imp. Fylde, dam by Frantic, 0 2 dis.
 Time, 2m. 2s.—2m. 7s.—2m. 5s. The first was a dead heat.

Second day, Proprietor's purse \$300; free for all ages; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; 3lbs allowed for mares and geldings; two mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe's b. c. Rhinodino, four years old, by Wild Bill, dam by imp. Dion, 1 1

R. W. Withers' gr. m. Alice Grey, six years old, by Pulaski, dam by Bellair, 2 2

J. Long's gr. m. Merino Ewe, five years old, by Jerry, dam by Pantaloon, dis.

Daniel Gray's br. g. Cock Robin, five years old, - dis.

Time, 4m. 3s.—4m. 17s. Won very easily.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$800; free for all ages; weights as before; four mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe's ch. c. Pactolus, four years old, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan, by Pacolet, 1

J. Long's b. f. Cleopatra, three years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, bolt.

Second race, same day, Proprietor's purse \$200, entrance money added; free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats.

R. W. Withers' b. f. Henrietta, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 2 1 1

H. A. Tayloe's ch. f. four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Hal, 1 2 2

J. Long's ch. g. Bobtail, six years old, dis.

Time, 1m. 53½s.—1m. 55s.—2m. 6s. A well contested race.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$400; free for all ages; weights as before; two mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's b. c. Tom Thurman, four years old, by imp. Fylde, out of Venus, by Constellation, 1 1

J. Long's gr. m. Merino Ewe, five years old, by Jerry, dam by Pantaloon, 2 2

R. W. Withers' ch. c. Santa Anna, three years old, by Pulaski, dam by Constitution, dis.

Time not given.

Fifth day, Proprietor's purse \$200, entrance money added; free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats, best three in five.

H. A. Tayloe's b. c. Rhinodino, four years old, by Wild Bill,
dam by imp. Dion, - - - - - 2 1 1 1
Daniel Gray's ro. m. - - - - - 1 2 2 dr.
Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 53s.—1m. 56s.

N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

H. A. TAYLOE, Sec'ry.

JEFFERSON COUNTY (Miss.) RACES,

Commenced on Thursday, May 17, 1838.

First day, purse \$300, entrance \$30; free for all ages that have been owned in Jefferson or Claiborne counties six months previous to the meeting; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs. five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings; mile heats.

Samuel Laughman's b. g. Jim the Butcher, six years old, - 3 1 1
Lewis F. Norris' ch. f. Sarah Harrison, four years old, by Frank,
dam by Hamiltonian, - - - - - 1 2 dr.
J. Heudebert's b. g. Jim, five years old, - - - - - 2 3 dr.
Thomas Berry's (John Grissam's) ch. f. three years old, by John
Miller, dam by Pacolet, - - - - - dis.
Time, 1m. 58s.—2m. Track fifty-three feet over a mile.

Second day, purse \$400, entrance \$50; (confined to Jefferson and Claiborne,) weights as before; mile heats, best three in five.

Samuel Laughman's b. g. Jim the Butcher, six years old, - 1 1 1
Dr. Thomas B. Magruder's gr. m. Blue Bonnets, five years old, by
Rockingham, dam by Eclipse, - - - - - 2 2 dis.
Time, 2m.—2m. 4s.—2m.

Second race, same day, match \$500 a side, 92lbs. on each; one mile.

Lewis F. Morris' b. h. Jim Williams, (late Sam Brown,) seven years old,
by Trumpator, - - - - - 1
Watson & Johnson's gr. g. Wormy, seven years old, - - - - - 2
Time, 1m. 56s.

Third day, Proprietor's Cup, value \$100, entrance \$25; free for the world; weights as on first day; mile heats.

Samuel Laughman's (Wm. J. Minor's) gr. c. Sir Aress, four years old,
by Trumpator, out of Ophelia, - - - - - 1 1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. Tishimingo, four years old, by imp. Le-
viathan, out of Maria Shepherd, - - - - - 2 2
Col. Robert Smith's ch. f. Lavinia, three years old, by imp. Leviathan,
out of Parasol, - - - - - 3 3
Time, 1m. 53s.—1m. 59s. SAM'L LAUGHMAN, Sec'ry, pro tem.
Ibid.]

NASHVILLE (Tenn.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, May 22, 1838.

First day, purse \$300, entrance \$30; free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

J. G. Gill's ch. f. Virginia Overton, four years old, by imp. Levia-
than, dam by Virginian, - - - - - 2 1 1
S. W. Goodwyn's (Col. Thompson's) ch. h. Experiment, six years
old, by Jack Downing, dam by Ratler, - - - - - 3 3 2
James Jackson's b. f. Exotic, four years old, by imp. Leviathan,
out of imp. Refugee, by Wanderer, - - - - - 1 2 3
Time, 4m. 12s.—4m. 17s.—4m. 19s.

Second day, Match for \$5,000 a side, between the get of imp. Leviathan and the get of imp. Luzborough. Four mile heats.

James Jackson's ch. f. Sarah Bladen, four years old, by imp. Leviathan,			
out of Morgiana, by Pacolet,	-	-	1
T. A. Pankey's b. f. Leila, four years old, by imp. Luzborough, out of			
Sally Hope, by Sir Archy,	-	-	dis.
Time, 8m. 50s.			

Third day, purse \$300, entrance \$30; free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats, three best in five.

John Malone's ch. f. Catherine Barry, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia, the dam of Birmingham,	-	-	1	1	1
S. W. Goodwin's (Col. Thompson's) b. c. Belcher, four years old, by imp. Barefoot, out of Ariadne,	-	-	2	2	2
F. Zollicoffer's gr. c. Bailie Peyton, four years old, by Stockholder, dam by Neill's Archy,	-	-	3	3	dis.
Thos. Kirkman's ch. c. Lantaro, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of imp. Stoughton Lass,	-	-			dr.
Time, 2m. 5s.—2m. 4s.—2m. 6s.					

Fourth day, purse \$500, entrance \$50; free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

James Jackson's ch. c. The Pony, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder,	-	-	1	1
A. Jackson's b. f. four years old, by Citizen, dam by Virginian,	-	-	2	2
Robert Hayes' b. f. four years old, by imp. Fylde, dam by Eclipse,	-	-	3	dis.
Time, 6m. 44s.—7m. 3s. Track heavy.				

Fifth day, weights as before, mile heats.

B. Williams' ch. f. four years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir William,	-	-	1	1
David Thompson's ch. c. three years old, by Eclipse, dam by imp. Jack Andrews,	-	-	2	2
Time, 2m. 2s.—2m. 7s.				[Ibid.]

KANAWHA (Va.) RACES,

Commenced on Thursday, May 24, 1838.

First day, Silver Pitcher, value \$100; free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; two mile heats.

John Lewis's ch. g. Nick Biddle, by Big Archy,	-	-	1	1
S. Gorum's b. h. Dustyfoot, five years old, by imp. Barefoot, out of Agnes,	-	-	3	2
Charles Beal's b. m. Lady Blanche, by Gohanna,	-	-	2	dis.
S. C. Farley's b. m. Charlotte Temple,	-	-		dis.

Second day, sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, \$200 each, h. f.; weights as before; mile heats.

John Lewis' ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Ratler,	-	-	1	1
Charles Beal's ch. c. by Paul Clifford,	-	-	2	dr.
T. G. Moore's gr. f. by Sparrowhawk,	-	-	3	dis.

Third day, Mr. S. Gorum's Dustyfoot won the Saddle, Bridle, &c. one mile, beating three others.

No time for either day.

[Ibid.]

UNION COURSE (L. I.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, May 29, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 90lbs. fillies 87lbs.; five subscribers at \$200 each, \$50 ft.; mile heats.

Robert L. Stevens' ch. c. Seminole, by Eclipse, out of Celeste, by Henry,	-	-	2	1	1
James Bathgate's b. c. by imp. Victory, out of Maid of the Mill, by Duroc,	-	-	1	2	2
Time, 1m. 53½s.—1m. 54s.—2m.					

Second race, same day, match \$1,000 a side, p.p.; weights as before; mile heats.

W. Livingston's b. c. Job, three years old, by Eclipse, out of Jemima,				
by Ratler,	-	-	-	1 1
Capt. R. F. Stockton's b. f. Caroline, three years old, by Eclipse, out				
Miss Mattie, by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	2 2
Time, 1m. 49s.—1m. 54s.				

Third race, same day, purse \$100; free for all ages; three year olds carrying 90lbs.; four year olds, 104lbs.; five year olds, 114lbs.; six year olds, 121lbs.; aged, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; mile heats.

Daniel Abbott's ch. m. Shepherdess, six years old, by Lance,				
out of Amanda, by Revenge,	-	-	-	4 0 1 1
Maj. Wm. Jones' b. c. Gracchus, four years old, by Sir Lovel,				
out of Eleanor, by Eclipse,	-	-	-	1 0 2 2
Jerome Snedecor's gr. f. Eliza Derby, four years old, by imp.				
Autocrat, out of Maid of the Oaks, by Hickory,	-	-	-	3 3 3 dis.
Willet McCoun's ch. c. Jack Andrew, four years old, by Andrew,				
dam by Pacolet,	-	-	-	2 4 dr.
Time, 1m. 50s.—1m. 50s.—1m. 53s½.—1m. 57s.				

Second day, purse \$300; free for all ages; weights as before; two mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's (Asher P. Hamlin's) b. c. Suffolk, four years				
old, by Andrew, out of Ostrich, by Eclipse, the dam of Decatur, Tar-				
quin, &c.	-	-	-	4 1 1
Robert L. Stevens' ch. h. Tom Moore, aged, by Eclipse, out of				
Lalla Rookh, by Gabriel Oscar,	-	-	-	2 4 2
Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. h. Bergen, five years old, by Medley, out				
of Charlotte Pace, by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	3 3 3
Willet McCoun's ch. c. John R., four years old, by Henry, out of				
Grasshopper, by imp. Roman, grandam Garland, Post Boy's dam,	-	-	-	1 2 4
John H. Coster's ch. h. Ajax, aged, by imp. Barefoot, out of Lady				
Sarah, by Duroc,	-	-	-	6 5 dis.
S. Laird's (C. H. & J. P. Hall's) b. f. Young Lady Lightfoot, four				
years old, own sister to Shark, Black and Bay Maria, &c.	-	-	-	5 dis.
Wm. Gibbons' bl. c. Shadow, four years old, by Eclipse Lightfoot,				
out of Sally Slouch, by Virginian,	-	-	-	dis.
Time, 3m. 45s.—3m. 47s.—3m. 51s.				

Third day, purse \$500; free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's (Capt. D. H. Branch's) b. m. Atalanta, six years				
old, by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood, by Ratler,	-	-	-	1 1
S. Bradhurst's (Messrs. Pearsall's) ch. h. Reindeer, aged, own brother				
to Alice Grey, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress, by Hickory,	-	-	-	3 2
James B. Kendall's b. h. Master Henry, five years old, by Henry, out				
Baillie Peyton's dam, by Eclipse,	-	-	-	2 3
Time, 5m. 59s.—5m. 51s.				

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$1,000; free for all ages; weights as before; four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. Boston, five years old, by				
Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam, by Ball's Florizel,	-	-	-	1 1
Wm. McCargo's (Mr. Symmes') b. h. Charles Carter, five years old,				
by Lance, out of Fanny Hill, by Clay's Sir William,	-	-	-	2 dr.
Time, 7m. 40s.!! the best heat ever run in America, save Henry's 7m. 37s.				

SALISBURY (N. C.) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, May 30, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 86lbs. fillies 83lbs.; three subscribers at \$50 each; mile heats.

Mr. Norment's b. f. by Timoleon,	-	-	-	1 1
Maj. Gaston's b. c. by imp. Fylde, dam by Peacemaker,	-	-	-	2 dis.
Mr. Craige's b. f. by Eclat,	-	-	-	3 dis.
Time, 2m. 5s.—1m. 58s.				

Second day, Association purse, \$150; free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; mile heats.

Mr. Satterwhite's (Perkins') b. f. four years old, by Riot, dam by Perkins' Florizel,	2	1	1
Mr. Sloan's ch. g. Ratcatcher, aged,	0	3	2
Maj. Gaston's (Sherrill's) gr. f. four years old, by Riot,	0	2	3
Maj. Emmett's b. m. five years old,	1	4	dis.
Mr. Henderson's (Gorman's) b. c. Paris, four years old, by Riot,	3	5	dis.
Mr. James Caldwell's gr. m. aged,	6		dr.
Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 58s.—1m. 58s.			

Third day, Association purse \$200; free for all ages; weights as before; two mile heats.

Mr. Norment's b. h. seven years old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Select,	1	1
Mr. H. T. Sloan's Maria Tonson, five years old, by Mons. Tonson,	3	2
Mr. Moody's ch. h. McDonald, seven years old, by old King William, dam by Nutcracker,	2	3
Time, 3m. 58s.—3m. 58s.		

Fourth day, Handicap purse \$250; free for all ages; mile heats.

Col. Hiram T. Sloan's ch. g. Ratcatcher, seven years old, 97lbs.	2	0	1	1
Mr. Satterwhite's (Perkins') b. f. Laretta Murphy, four years old, by Riot, dam by Perkins' Florizel, 97lbs.	4	3	2	2
Maj. Emmett's b. m. a feather,	3	0	3	3
Mr. Henderson's (Gorman's) b. c. Paris, four years old, by Riot, a feather,	5	4		dr.
Mr. Moody's gr. m. aged, by Kentucky Whip, a feather,	1			dis.
Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 58s.—1m. 59s.—2m.	H. W. CONNOR.			

ST. LOUIS (Mo.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, May 29, 1838.

First day, Jockey Club purse \$100, entrance \$15; free for all ages; weights, two year olds, 70lbs.; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; mile heats.

D. F. Cooper's ch. c. Kangaroo, four years old, by Uncas, dam by Orphan,	1	1
P. C. Bush's ch. h. David H. Branch, five years old, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles,	3	2
John F. Safford's ch. h. Independence, five years old, by Tom Fletcher,	4	3
John Frost's ch. f. Rancopus, three years old, by Flagellator, out of Molly Longlegs, by Harwood,	2	4
Time, 1m. 57s.—1m. 56s.		

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$200, entrance \$20; free for all ages; weights as before; two mile heats.

John Frost's br. f. Rights of Women, four years old, by Dashall, dam by Sir Solomon,	2	1	1
Thomas B. Scruggs' br. m. Mary Wood, five years old, by Waxey, dam by Davis' Hamiltonian,	1	2	2
E. A. Darcy's b. f. Risible, four years old, by Barrister, out of Lame Nettletop,	3		dis.
Time, 4m.—4m. 6s.—4m. 25s.			

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$300, entrance \$30; free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

John Kimball's b. f. Proofsheets, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Florizel,	1	1
John H. Tafford's b. m. Charline, five years old, by Pacific, dam by Florizel,	2	2
John Frost's b. m. Charlotte Shaw, five years old, by Pelham, dam by John Richards,		dis.
Time, 6m. 2s.—6m. 22s.		

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$500, entrance \$50; free for all ages; weights as before; four mile heats.

John Frost's ch. h. Franklin, (own brother to Laplander,) six years old, by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse,	1	1
Thomas B. Scruggs' ch. f. Hebe, four years old, by Collier, dam by Bertrand,	2	dis.
E. A. Darcy's ch. c. Rights of Man, four years old, by Leopold, out of Sweet Erin, by Eclipse,	3	dis.
Benjamin Ames' gr. m. Fleeta, four years old, by Medley, out of Rosalinda, by Oscar,	4	dr.

Time, 8m. 6s.—7m. 53s.

Fifth day, Proprietor's purse \$100, entrance \$10; free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats, best three in five.

John Matthews' d. c. Rob Roy, three years old, by Marmion,	1	2	1	1
P. C. Bush's ch. h. David H. Branch, five years old, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles,	2	1	2	2

Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 56s.—2m. 3s.—2m. 11s. [Ibid.]

FRANKLIN (Tenn.) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, May 30, 1838.

First day, Proprietor's purse \$200, entrance \$25; free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; two mile heats.

Col. Thos. Watson's ch. c. The Pony, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder,	1	1
Geo. W. Skinner's b. f. Leila, four years old, by imp. Luzborough, out of Sally Hope,	2	2
F. Zollicoffer's gr. c. Bailie Peyton, four years old, by Stockholder, dam by Neill's Sir Archy,		dr.

Time, 4m.—3m. 58s.

Second day, Proprietor's purse, \$150, entrance \$20; free for all ages; weights as before; two mile heats.

Col. Thos. Watson's Beeswing, (late Catherine Barry,) three years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder,	1	1
Col. Wynn's ch. m. Martha Washington, five years old, by Sir Charles, out of Isabella,	2	2
F. Zollicoffer's gr. c. Bailie Peyton, four years old, by Stockholder, dam by Neill's Sir Archy,	3	dr.

Time, 4m. 2s.—4m.

MR. EDITOR:

Mount Airy, June, 1838.

Wm. Williamson's gr. f. is reported 'by Tychicus, dam by Paragon,' at page 74, vol. 8, of the American Turf Register, and repeated at the index, page 592. I guess it should have read *Wm. Williamson's gr. f. by Iphiclus, dam by Paragon*. My belief is the first of Tychicus' get are three years old this spring, as I never heard of his covering a mare while he was on the turf.

Please publish this correction of an error, in your next number, and oblige

Yours, very respectfully,

WM. H. TAYLOR.

ERROR.—In the list of Stallions published in the April number, *Orange Boy's* pedigree was erroneously stated; it should have been, by Sir Archy, his dam by Citizen, (Ruffin's.)

TURF REGISTER.

Blooded Stock belonging to GEORGE B. ROBERTSON, *Macon, Ga.*

1. BONNY BESS, a br. m. five years old, was got by the celebrated horse Sir Hal, for whose distinguished performances see Turf Register, her dam was the famous race mare Coquette, by Sir Archy, she was the dam of Virginia Lafayette, before that called Janet, also the dam of Byron, Virginia Taylor, Blue Bird, &c. &c.; her grandam the famous old Bet Bounce, her g. grandam by old Medley, her g. g. grandam by old Mark Anthony, her g. g. g. grandam by old Jolly Roger, out of the famous imported mare Jenny Cameron. There is no family in Virginia more of a running one.

Signed by WM. R. JOHNSON,
Who raised her, and from whom I purchased her.

2. A b. f. by Eclipse, foaled June 6, 1837, out of No. 1.

3. MISS HARRIET, a br. m. more frequently called Harriet Haxall; she was foaled in the spring of 1828, got by Sir Hal, out of my Miss Waxey, (who was never trained,) she by Sir Archy, out my imp. mare the Mermaid, got by Waxey, out of my imp. mare Promise, who was got by Buzzard, out of Precipitate mare, the dam of Wizzard, Antonio, and other famed racers on the New Market best turf in the world, Precipitate was by Mercury, got by Eclipse, out of a Tartar mare, Tartar was the sire of old King Herod, out of a Cypron mare by Blaze, Eclipse by old Marske, out of Spilletta, by Regulus, a son of the Godolphin Arabian, old Marske by Squirt, out of a Blacklegs mare.

I hereby certify, that the above is a true and correct pedigree of the filly Miss Harriet, which I have this day sold to Mr. Hurt, of Halifax co. Va.

WM. HAXALL.

Petersburg, Va. July 10, 1832.

The Precipitate mare above, the dam of imp. mare Promise, was out of Lady Harriet, got by Mark Anthony, out of Georgiana, the sister to Conductor, who was got by Matchem, Snap, &c. &c.

WM. HAXALL.

Feb. 1, 1837.

This mare was eight years old last spring, was a good racer herself, having won five races out of seven. See Turf Register.

W. R. JOHNSON.

4. A b. f. by Jackson, he by John Richards, out of old Honesty, by imp. Expedition, out of No. 3, foaled April 10, 1838.

5. FANNY WICKHAM, a b. m. bred by me, and sold at auction in the spring of 1836, being then two years old, now the property of Mr. Isham Puckett; she was got by Carolinian, her dam by Sir Charles, grandam by Shylock, g. grandam full sister to Tuckahoe, by Florizel, g. g. grandam known as the old Alderman mare, the dam of Tuckahoe, by imp. Alderman, g. g. g. grandam by imp. Clockfast, g. g. g. g. grandam Symmes' Wildair, out of a full-blooded mare.

Richmond, March 16, 1837.

I certify this pedigree of my own personal knowledge as far back as my old Alderman mare, and farther back from information in which I have perfect confidence, having always understood so, and having never heard any thing to the contrary.

JOHN WICKHAM.

Macon, Ga. June 14, 1838.

The above is a copy of a certificate given to Isham Puckett, of Richmond, Va. from whom I purchased the above mare. All of the above mares are now in foal by imp. Coronet.

GEORGE B. ROBERTSON.

June 14, 1838.

Blooded Stock belonging to WILLIAM LOVE and JOHN W. MCINTOSH, of *Cynthiana, Harrison co. Ky.*

1. ANVIL, a deep mahogany bay, without white, sixteen hands one inch high, bred by Jef. Scott, Esq. of Paris, Ky. foaled in 1832; he was got by imp. Contract, his dam Jane Davis, by American Eclipse, grandam Blackeyed Susan, by old Sir Archy, g. grandam by imp. Druid, g. g. grandam Virago, by imp. Saltram, g. g. g. grandam by imp. Clockfast, g. g. g. g. grandam by imp. Fearnought, g. g. g. g. g. grandam by imp. Hob-or-nob, g. g. g. g. g. g. grandam by imp. Monkey.

2. BLACKLOCK, a dark iron-grey, foaled in 1836, he was got by Cadet, his dam Jane Davis, by American Eclipse, the dam of Anvil.

3. EMIGRANT, a light iron-grey, foaled in 1836, he was got by Cadet, his dam by imp. Contract, grandam

Carrion Crow, by imp. Royalist, g. grandam by imp. Spread Eagle, g. g. grandam by imp. Shark.

4. ELLEN, a b. m. fifteen hands one inch high, bred by William R. Fowler, foaled in 1833, she was got by Trumpeter, her dam by Virginia Whip, grandam by Celer, g. grandam by Morton's Traveller. Stinted to Anvil.

5. MARY RANKIN, a ch. m. fifteen and a half hands high, foaled in 1833, she was got by imp. Contract, her dam by Celer, grandam by Morton's Traveller, g. grandam by Rockingham.—Stinted to Anvil.

June 15, 1838.

Blooded Stock belonging to JOHN T. LEIGH, of Amelia co. Va.

1. BETSEY GANO, a b. m. got by Sir Charles, her dam by Shylock, grandam the celebrated running and brood mare Sting, by old Diomed, g. grandam Cade's, by Wormley's King Herod, (a son of Fearnought,) g. g. grandam Primrose, by Dove, out of Stella, by Othello, (a son of Crab,) Stella was out of Col. Tasker's imp. mare Selima, by Godolphin Arabian.

Given under my hand, Nov. 6, 1833.

(Signed,) B. MOODY.

Note.—Betsey Gano was eight years old spring 1833.

Shylock, the sire of Betsey Gano's dam, was by imp. Bedford, out of Tom Friend Wilson's (of Amelia co.) old brood mare, who was the grandam of the famous mare Trifle. Wilson's old mare was by imp. Diomed—imp. Fearnought—imp. Jolly Roger—imp. St. George—imp. mare. See Turf Register, January, 1835, pages 222-3, for pedigree of Wilson's mare, in tracing Trifle's pedigree. Cicero, the sire of Trifle's dam was out of the dam of Shylock.

1834. Put to Goliah, but failed.

2. BEN TONSON, a b. c. out of No. 1, by Monsieur Tonson, foaled April 17, 1836, both hind feet white, star in his forehead, and snip on his nose.

3. OTWAY, a b. c. has a star in his forehead, out of No. 1, by imp. Emancipation, foaled May 13, 1837; he is now shedding, and shows some white hairs.

Betsey Gano again put to Emancipation, about the 1st of June, 1837, since then, in December last, sent to the care of Richard H. Leigh, Esq. of Yella-Busha county, Mississippi—believed to be in foal.

On the 6th of Nov, 1833, I made an agreement with Benjamin Moody, Esq. of Chesterfield, Va. to take Betsey Gano, and raise colts from her in partnership; afterwards, on the 12th of January, 1837, I purchased of said Moody 'all his interest in said mare, her Tonson colt, and all her future increase.'

April 12, 1838. J. T. LEIGH.

Addition to Blooded Stock belonging to CHARLES TAYLOE, of Oaken Brow, King George co. Va.

April 6, 1837. KING GEORGE, ch. c. by Robin Brown, dam by Frederica.

May 20, 1837. FENTON, ch. f. by Robin Brown, dam Fokeah.

April 24, 1838. MAGGIE LAUDER, ch. f. by St. Leger, dam Frederica.

June 9, 1838. CETA, ch. f. by imp. Cetus, dam Harriet Heth.

You will much oblige me by asking in your valuable work for the pedigree of old Molly Andrews, the dam of Jemima Wilkinson, Harriet Heth, &c. she was with Priam last spring.

CHARLES H. TAYLOE.

June 10, 1838.

Blooded Stock belonging to ABR. B. HOOE, of King George county, Va.

PEGGY, a sorrel mare, foaled the 17th May, 1836, was got by Sir Charles, dam old Susan, by Playon, full brother to Stump the Dealer—grandam was by Mercury—(imp. Janus—imp. Calista,)—great grandam by imp. Shark, great great grandam by imp. Janus, out of Booth's imp. mare.

Produce of the above mare Peggy:

1st. A sorrel filly, called PODARGE, got by Gohanna, and foaled the 25th April, 1832, and now with imp. Priam.

2d. A bay filly called TRANQUILLITY, got by imp. Tranby, and foaled the 24th April, 1836.

3d. A sorrel filly called EPONA, got by Terror, and foaled the 22d of April, 1838.